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VESTERN-SPIRIT

M-STEWARD·GORDON

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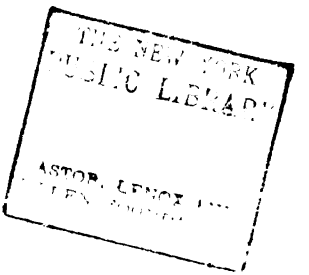
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THE WESTERN SPIRIT

A BUNCH OF BREEZY POEMS

BY
WILLIAM STEWARD GORDON

ILLUSTRATED

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN
NEW YORK

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TO

THE PIONEERS

OF THE OLD WEST

WHO MADE THE NEW WEST POSSIBLE

FOREWORD

Most of these verses have been written in self-defense. At the close of many a busy day they went galloping through the mind until rest was sought in writing them. You will find considerable variety in the "menu." If the first dish served does not suit your taste, kindly try another.

College-day dreams of a literary nature usually fade perceptibly under the heat and stress of life's summer. The writer has been no exception to the rule. However, if these pages add their mite to the sum of wholesome happiness, and in any degree assist in the interpretation of that wonderland known as "the West," this labor of love shall not have been in vain.

Credit is due the Spokane, Portland & Seattle Railway Co., the Daily Budget and The Astorian of this city for some of the illustrations used.

WILLIAM STEWARD GORDON.

Astoria, Oregon, September, 1914.

INTRODUCTION

By Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes, LL.D.

The life of a pastor seems to give some natural preparations for the writing of poetry. There is, first, the necessity of studying the great verses of the world, even if the motive be solely homiletical. The intelligent preacher feels that he must acquaint himself with the masterpieces, and he feels, too, that there is a theological reason for knowing "In Memoriam," a sociological reason for knowing "Aurora Leigh," and a patriotic reason for knowing "The Crisis" and "The Commemoration Ode." His whole life, whether as preacher or as man or as citizen, leads him to the great poems.

Besides this, he must dwell more or less in that realm of ideals wherein the true poet makes his home. Whatever may be the testimony of the poets, the preachers would be ready to say that they feel their kinship with the poets of the race. In fact, one will often observe that in the tributes to the poet the word "preacher" could be substituted without violence, and that even in Wordsworth's tribute to the Pastor the word "poet" would not have been strange. More than occasionally the preacher and the poet are the same man. The union is seen in lives such as Charles Kingsley and George Herbert. The sermons and the poems got on well together, while the preacher and the poet occupied the same tabernacle and lived in peace.

In the second generation the influence of the clerical life on the poetic impulse is even more noticeable. In England Tennyson was the son of a minister; in Ger-

many Lessing; while in America Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Van Dyke and Gilder confess a ministerial ancestry. Evidently the Manse invites the Muses; they hover above its plain thinking and simple living; they share its moods and take many of its children into their higher captivity; and they go thither to have their light and tripping quality sobered by the sense of the spiritual.

Many of the poems in this book are Parsonage children. They were born at various points of an itinerant life. They have something of its pathos, something of its humanness, something of its humor, something of its religious preeminence. They have appeared in local papers here and there, and they have once in a while ventured into the field of the magazines. Judging by the tale implied by one of the poems we may presume that sometimes they have gone away from home, only to be told by some editor that they would better go back to their native walls! But now they are to come in from their wanderings and are to be housed together in a volume. Those who visit them in their new home will find that they represent the good moods of life—inspiring its efforts, soothing its sorrows, glorifying its commonness.

The author is a good man, a good pastor, and a good preacher. His friends claim that he is a good poet too. He himself modestly asks that his little book be introduced by one of his brother ministers, who now has much pleasure in giving it a Godspeed and in expressing the hope that its verses may touch men into the better life.

Episcopal Residence, San Francisco.

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A VINDICATION

Say what you will of "rhymesters,"
  And "the poet in the spring,"
The earth has more of music
  Because he tries to sing.

He may not soar to Alpine heights
  If nature clipped his wing,
And few, indeed, may know his name
  When he has ceased to sing;

But how we'd miss the many birds
  That sing a minor strain,
And the unassuming lilies
  That blossom in the lane!

For they help to swell the chorus
  Of the song that never dies,
As the music of creation
  Is ascending to the skies.

Then sing your little heart-song!
  It may cheer another soul
As he marches up the mountain,
  As he presses to the goal.

THE WEST WIND

When but a boy with eager ears
  The winds would talk to me;
They told me tales of mountain meres
  And stories of the sea.

The North Wind is Boreas' breath—
  He scuds across the plain,
And howls in hurricanes of death
  And winding-sheets of rain.

The East Wind tells of sage and sand
  And coyotes in a pack—
Of whirling cyclones in his hand,
  And havoc in his track.

But the West Wind is a pirate bold;
She robs the sea and sings
Of dewdrops rich as yellow gold—
She bears them on her wings,

And pours them out so full and free
That baby streamlets grow;
And so without the wind you see
The rivers could not flow.

Her silken wings now fan my face,
And perfume shed the while
Fresh from Pacific's fond embrace
And sweet Hawaii's isle.

She knows where Arabs pitch their tent
And dolphins swim the sea,
The secrets of the Orient,
And Neptune's mystery.

The South Wind brings the heat and dust,
The North Wind brings the snow,
But Nature sings, for sing she must,
When the balmy West Winds blow.

❦ ❦ ❦

A WELCOME TO THE FAIR

(Written for the Panama Exposition.)

To north and south, and east and west,
Sierra's eagle cries:
"Come see the land we love the best—
'Eureka!' 'Tis our prize."

The four winds catch the eagle cry,
And waft it round the world,
Inviting ships of sea and sky
To see the flag unfurled.

A continent is cut in twain,
Ignoring nature's law,
And men from every mart and main
Will honor Panama.

Westward! Westward! o'er the plain
Is borne on every gale—
They come by broncho, car, and train
O'er every western trail.

Eastward! Eastward! set the sail,
Mikado's men of war,
Come tread in peace the mystic trail
In Frisco's harbor bar.

Northward! Northward! o'er "the line"
From old Magellan's strait,
The mermaid paths upon the brine
Lead to the Golden Gate.

Southward! Southward! is the goal—
Let not the dog train stay
Till every "musher" from the pole
Is camped upon the Bay!

THE WESTERN SPIRIT

No language can define it
And the miner cannot mine it—
'Tis illusive as the spirit of the wind.
No chemist can distill it,
To tame it is to kill it,
And it leaves the world's contestants all behind.

'Tis the spirit of Seattle,
And the hammers' hum and rattle
Of Portland as she pulsates in her power.
'Tis Willamette's growing pains,
As she clutches at the reins
Of Progress at a hundred miles an hour.

It's the tramp of herds of cattle
And the war whoop of the battle—
It's a sort of magic microbe in the blood.

It's the patriotic passion
Running wild in Western fashion,
And expanded with the wideness of the wood.

Why, listen, don't you hear it?
'Tis the Rooseveltian spirit,
And the bucking of the bronchos at Cheyenne.
'Tis the song of Forty-niner,
And the shout of Dawson miner,
With the hustle and the bustle of the glen.

'Tis the recklessness of youth
And the daring of Duluth,
In a medley and romance of the mind.
'Tis the spirit of adventure,
And you cannot catch or quench her
With an auto and an aëroplane combined.

'Tis the spirit of the mountain,
And old Ponce's fabled fountain,
Set to music in Multnomah's cataract.
It has struck the West to win it
And you'd better all be in it,
For it's going, and it's never coming back.

THE MARCH UP MOUNT HOOD

(Written on Mount Hood, August 11, 1910.)

Fall in line at the midnight call,
With screw-shod shoes and bloomers and all,
For the ice is hard and the going is good,
So hurrah for the summit of old Mount Hood!

And here's to the monarch old and gray,
And here's to the guides who lead the way,
And a jollier band of maidens and men
Will never make tracks on the mountain again.

Get your colored specs and your Alpine stock,
Which you will not trade for a city block,
And follow the lantern single file,
To the goal of your day-dream, mile on mile.

Our shadows stalk across the sand
Like the ghost of some dead Indian band,
Up glacier rivers, o'er shale and shelf,
From Mountain View to the mountain itself.

Ere the morning star has said good-by
An arch of glory gilds the sky,
And a giant silhouette fills the west
Like some departing mountain guest.

Let the faint of heart no longer dare,
For the ice-ax clicks in the frosty air,
And this is the tocsin that greets the dawn,
'Tis on and up, 'tis up and on.

Through sulphur fumes at the crater's edge,
And up the ropes on the turquoise ledge—
And what is the cry that greets us then?
It's, "Paint your face and at it again."

From moraines we mount the sharp arête
Where the snow tracks red like bloody feet,
And icicles fringe the caverns like corn,
O'er fathomless deeps where the rivers are born.

On ladders we leap the last crevasse,
While lips are mute till we safely pass,
And we seem to stand at heaven's door
And shout "Excelsior!" no more.

In silent awe we view the sight
Of beauty, majesty, and might,
And this is the word for the welkin wall:
Man is nothing—God is all.

THE SONG OF THE PIONEER

(Read at the Pioneers' Association at Brownsville, Oregon, 1911.)

I would sing a song for the pioneer,
That sturdy soul and bold,
Whose rugged worth to the western world
Has never half been told.

With buckskin leggins, belt and knife,
And trusted rifle true,
He coped with nature, beasts, and men,
And came out victor, too.

He often ate but once a day,
And shivered in the rain,
But whistled till the sun came out,
Nor thought of it again.

But the panorama changes soon—
The trappers disappear—
For red adventure is not all
That makes a pioneer.

"METHINKS I SEE A CATTLE TEAM"

Methinks I see a cattle team
  Crawl up the Rocky's crest,
And with its freight a wife and child
  And the future of the West.

O'er alkali, o'er marsh and moor,
  And roaring canyons deep,
Mid panther screams and Indian yells
  Their lonely camp they keep.

And suns they rise and suns they set,
  But westward still and on,
Till the road fades into a winding trail,
  And the trail itself is gone.

Through bristling forest dense and dim
  They hew a path to the sea,
And blaze a way for the march of men
  And the millions yet to be.

For civilization followed fast
  These men of brawn and brain,
And o'er their trail the iron horse
  Soon galloped with his train.

Their fathers won the eastern coast,
  With its barren hills and ice,
But these subdued a better land—
  The western paradise.

But where are now those fearless souls
  Of fifty-two and three?
Meek, Nesmith, Lee, and Applegate,
  And a score of their degree?

They rode the gaunt, black horse of death
Over the great divide—
They scaled the purple peaks of time
And camped on the farther side.

And only a remnant now remains
Of the men of '53,
But the work they did will stand secure
Till time has ceased to be.

Then let us lift our hats to them,
Nor stop the falling tear,
And pay our debt of gratitude
To the honored pioneer.

JUPITER'S HORSES; OR, THE MODERN LOCOMOTIVE

How often at night I have stood on the hill
While the valley below was sleeping and still,
When, with rumble and roar and a flame on the sky,
The lightning express went thundering by.

With its rhythmical gallop, and click of the steel,
It snorted its challenge as if it could feel,
And I said, as my fancy took wings at the sight,
"Old Jupiter's horses are racing to-night."

But he slackens his pace and is pausing to drink
Like the dragon himself at the Stygian brink—
See him balking and backing and going again,
A stallion of steel too noble for men.

Striking fire with his hoof, and with fire in his eye,
Like a meteor trailing his train in the sky,
With a demon's endurance, with splendor and speed,
He must be a deity's charger indeed.

One century's fruitage! How narrow the span
Since spoke into being by magical man
These monsters have followed the mystical rail!
No "Lamp of Aladdin" can equal the tale!

Compelled by the spirit possessing the age,
They chafed in New England like bears in a cage,
And, breaking their tethers, exulting and free,
And leaping the Father of Waters in glee,

They charged o'er the deserts with reckless career,
Leaving panther and bison afar in the rear,
They plunged through Sierra's perpetual snow
And reached the proud city now smoldering low.[1]

Then northward and southward, and thither and back,
Went they, rearing and tearing and crossing their track,
Now swerving and curving the yawning abyss—
Did e'er a Mazeppa ride charger like this?

With a fury imprisoned, with wings of the wind,
With torrent and tempest unheeded behind,
Undaunted by darkness or heat of the day,
Was ever Bucephalus royal as they?

[1]This was written just after the San Francisco earthquake and fire.

Then where are the kings of the turf or "the trot"
With honors like Stephenson, Evans, and Watt?
Let us burnish their names and emblazon them bright
While Jupiter's horses are charging to-night!

Now their number is legion. With passionate mirth
Hear them racing and chasing all over the earth!
In hamlet and city they're crowding the street,
All in from the race course, and panting with heat.

And here where the Umpqua caresses the sea,
I am dreaming to-night how soon it will be
When the snort of the engine shall rouse me to think
"Old Jupiter's horses are coming to drink."

THE ALBANY CHAUTAUQUA

Come among the birds and flowers,
Linger 'neath the sylvan bowers,
Where Nature spends her magic powers,
And blends with bliss the fleeting hours,
At Chautauqua.

Hear the wood nymph's wooing call,
Adown the wildwood's vibrant hall,
By mossy banks and waterfall,
With ocean breezes kissing all,
At Chautauqua.

Where muses tune their sweetest lyre,
Where Art and Beauty both conspire

With Northern wit and Southern fire,
As the Western spirit rises higher,
At Chautauqua.

Let no carping care pursue you;
Let the limpid Calapooia
And the wild Willamette woo you,
Till the healing waves renew you,
At Chautauqua.

❦ ❦ ❦

THE PERIL OF JAPAN

(Before the siege of Port Arthur.)

Arise! thou little Second Greece,
Go forth and win your star,
For lo, your horoscope is cast
In gruesome clouds of war.

Your sires have wrought in bloody sweat
To lengthen out your days,
Your sons have sought the western world
And studied well her ways.

Blend art with ancient valor now,
Nor pause you for the night,
For see! with bristling fleet appears
The mighty Muscovite.

[1]The "Arctic Bear's" insatiate greed
Has claimed you for his maw;
He scented long your honeyed isles,
And reaches forth his paw—

[1]The author's figure is of a Russian bear coming south over the map of Asia. Bears are especially fond of honey.

And one would seize the Union Jack
  Down by the Bengal Bay—
His breath would strike the flag of France,
  And send it home to stay.

Let China bow her hoary head
  If ever this shall be—
For next he'd lick her dripping blood,
  And rule the southern sea.

Let Tenno's spirit come again
  Like Fuji-yama's flame!
"Land of the Rising Sun," arise!
  Add luster to your name!

Thou Guardian of the Orient,
  Strike now in sacred scorn!
Strike now the blow omnipotent
  For which your race was born!

SILVER CREEK FALLS

With a voice of many thunders
  Like the roaring of the sea,
Queen amidst the Cascade wonders,
  Silver Falls, I sing for thee!

Through the black basaltic columns
  Guarded by the bristling hills,
Plunges now the gathered tumult
  Of a thousand rushing rills.

"PLUNGES NOW THE GATHERED TUMULT
OF A THOUSAND RUSHING RILLS."

In the torrid sun of summer,
Arched with rainbows all aglow,
Pours the frantic, foaming river
To the caldron down below.

I have slept beside your torrent,
I have sported in your spray,
I have breathed the balmy balsam
Of your pines at break of day.

Dizzy heights a bed of blossom!
Rugged rocks with mosses rare,
Decked with nature's lingerie—
Trailing tress of maidenhair.

Hark! a quartet in the distance
Blend their voices with your own,
Are they muses long imprisoned
Near the queen of beauty's throne?

Or did Neptune, god of waters,
And the Queen of Thunders wed?
Sprung these five Titanic daughters
From such wild Cascadian bed?

Tell me not of old Niagara,
Or the cataract Ladore,
Till you've seen this group of grandeur
Lying almost at your door.

Wild the leap of old Multnomah,
Sweet the Falls of Bridal Veil,
But this Garden of the Graces
Gathers all within its pale.

With a voice of many thunders
Like the roaring of the sea,
Queen amid the magic wonders—
Silver Creek, sing on for me!

THE LEWIS AND CLARK TRAIL

(Written for the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland, Oregon, 1905.)

As o'er a sea untried and dark,
Into the setting sun,
Columbus drove his gallant barque
Until a world was won,

So into the west two hearts as strong
As ever sat under a sail
Into a wilderness deep and long
Followed an unknown "Trail."

O'er pristine prairies rolling wide
Where roamed the buffalo,
O'er parching sand and deep divide
Hard by eternal snow,

Past wolves and wildmen held at bay,
And cataracts wild and grand,
The "Star of Empire" led the way
On to the mystic land.

But the Trail at last ran into the tide
That washes the wonderful West,
Where the Oregon pours her waters wide
On the "Peaceful Ocean's" breast.

And they planted there the standard true
That waves on high to-day—
"They builded wiser than they knew"
As they blazed the rugged way.

For lo! a caravan in white
With priceless pilgrim freight,
Soon crowd the path, and wondrous sight,
They build an empire great!

Along the Trail so wild and bleak
The harnessed lightnings play—
And hark! I hear an engine shriek
In triumph o'er the way.

Now see them come! In tiers, on tiers,
They throng the hill and vale,
To view the growth of a hundred years
Along the ancient Trail!

The treasures of the East they bring,
E'en from the fields of war,
While wireless wizards on the wing
Bring greetings from afar.

Let pæans ring from "Golden State"
To Yukon's golden shore!
The world is waiting at our gate—
Throw open wide the door!

"THEY BUILDED WISER THAN THEY KNEW"

AN OREGON DAWN

On the tide of the morning, the light
  Came flooding the inlets of day,
And all the dark rivers of night
  Were burnished with heavenly ray.

Then the Angel of Light swung open
  The glorious gates of the dawn,
And the jubilant choirs of creation
  Marched into the day and marched on.

❦ ❦ ❦

HARVEST IN UMATILLA

Heigh-ho! for the Oregon highlands,
  That Garden of Ceres aglisten!
Climb a Blue Mountain summit supernal!
  Put your ear to the ground as you listen!
And what is that tremble and tramping?
  'Tis a score and more thousand of feet—
'Tis an army of harvester horses—
  Umatilla is cutting her wheat.

Hear the champing and tramping and neighing,
  The buzz and the hum and the rattle!
O, the billowy cereal ocean
  Is a glorious field for the battle.
Hear the whistle and song of the drivers!
  See the maidens with hurrying feet!
Umatilla is threshing in earnest
  Her five million bushels of wheat.

And look at the pyramids rising,
And the long laden trains on the way!
Why, for each one of Uncle Sam's children
A biscuit is reaped in a day.
Then take off your hats, all ye rivals,
And cast your bouquets at her feet,
And yell like the "rooters" in college—
Umatilla is reaping her wheat!

THE APPLE FAIR

What is all this fuss about?
Trains all loaded in and out,
Blushing fruit and blushing maid—
Sauces, jellies, marmalade—
Pies and dumplings scent the air—
Why, it's Oregon's Apple Fair!

"Pyrus Malus King shall be,"
Shout the Profs. from O. A. C.—
Till every apple gets in style
With the famous "Billiken smile."
Balmy Indian summer air—
All aboard for the Apple Fair!

See the beauties, old and new—
Starks and Spitzens, Baldwins, too,
Yellow Newtowns, Kings, and Spies,
Gloria Mundis Jumbo size!
Your aunts and uncles will be there,
So don't you miss that Apple Fair!

Sturdy stock from every clan
From Halifax to Hindustan
All reach perfection in the sun
Among the hills of Oregon—
So toss that headgear in the air
And shout, "Hurrah for the Apple Fair!"

AUTUMN ON THE UMPQUA

The sun is peeking o'er the edge
Of yonder blue and bristling ledge,
And flinging o'er the vagrant night
An aureole of golden light
That crowns a ridge of regal firs,
Whose plumes the morning zephyr stirs.

The wind is like a wounded dove,
Still sobbing soft her deathless love—
So come with me and we will ride
The lordly Umpqua's flowing tide,
For none e'er dreamed a grander dawn
Than greets the hills of Oregon.

And none e'er dreamed a sweeter maid
Than blends her charm with sheen and shade,
The while her western spell she weaves
With scent of wild vanilla leaves—
Did e'er the Danube or the Don
Bear fairer girls than Oregon?

The skulking river seems to hide
Where black basaltic bluffs divide;
Weird Echo Island takes our shout
And sends it bounding all about,
While royal salmon sport and spring,
Their golden armor glistening.

We see old Bruin grunt and sniff
And shuffle off behind a cliff;
While by yon laurel's ruddy base,
Unconscious of her sylvan grace,
A doe is feeding with her fawn—
And this is life in Oregon!

Now hark old Neptune's rising roar,
And mark the maples on the shore—
Did not some Turner from the skies
Here lavish all his mystic dyes
To paint a cosmic masterpiece
To grace a paradisan Greece?

Smooth as yon coots upon the keel,
Our launch glides onward, as we feel
The charm where coast and country kiss
In one enchanted land of bliss—
Then know that life is scarce begun
Until you've lived in Oregon.

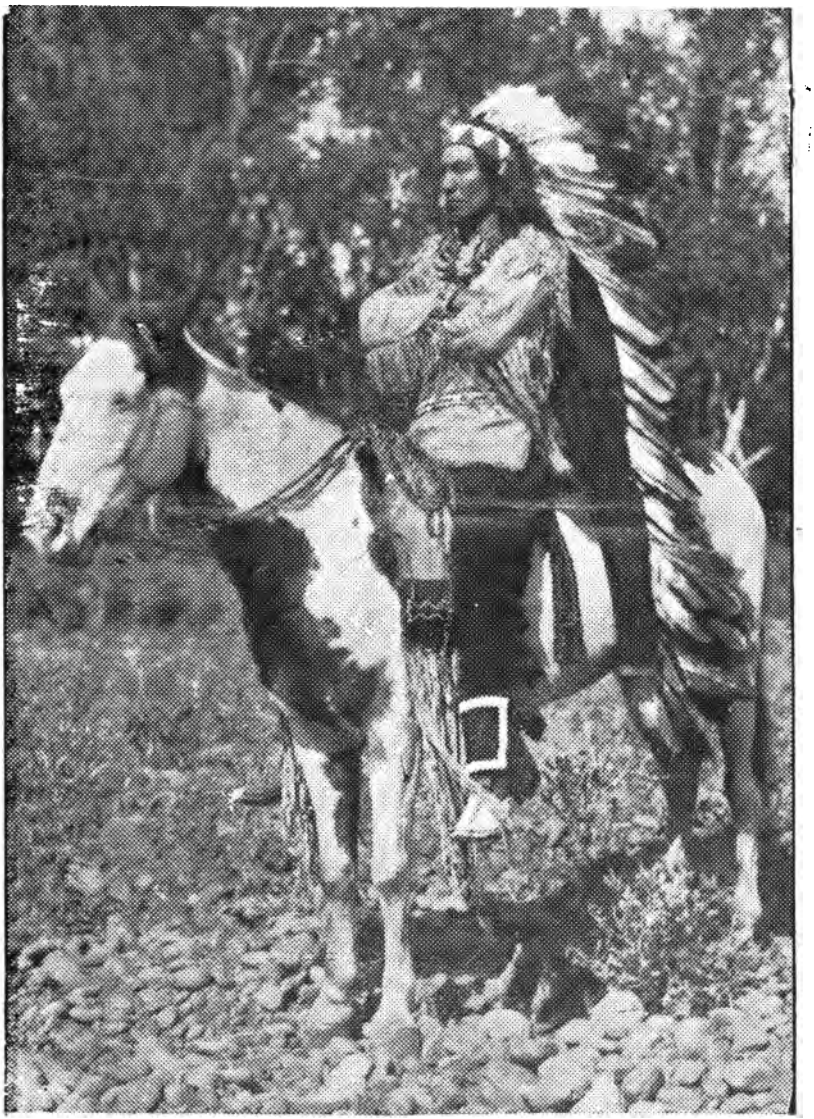
Talk not of "melancholy days,"
Of "naked woods" and "icy ways,"
And "dark forebodings of the snow";
Let old October come and go,
For Spring and Summer blend in one
When Autumn comes in Oregon!

THE FATED RACE

I stood on the banks of the Klickitat,
In an Indian camping ground,
Where a dusky band of Yakimas
Had pitched their tents around.

They could see the bluffs of an ancient fort
Where their fathers had bent the bow—
Where white and red had fought and bled
In the battles of long ago.

They could see the white man's furrowed fields
Where they could hunt no more,
And their hearts grew cold as the snowy peaks
That dotted the landscape o'er.



"HE SADLY GAZED ON THE BUSY ROAD"

They sadly gazed on the busy road
  Where once they followed the trail,
While in the twilight gleamed the spires
  Of the village of Goldendale.

That night I saw them move their camp,
  And ride with solemn tread
As if they were chanting a requiem
  In honor of their dead.

The long line threaded the Simcoe hills
  Where now they are forced to stay,
And only the dying embers showed
  Where a "nation" camped that day.

Like phantoms grim were the willow shades
  Where the path ran into the stream,
And I saw them cross it one by one
  In the moonlight's silver gleam.

And this, said I, is an emblem true
  Of all their fated race—
They are crossing the river one by one
  While the white man takes their place.

Thus civilization surges on,
  Nor waits for flesh and blood,
And those who cannot stem its tide
  Must sink beneath the flood.

VICTORIA

O rock-ribbed city of the western sea,
Who could not tune his lyre in song for thee?

With solemn castles gazing out across the sea,
With grand Olympics smiling back at thee,

You float in Nipon's soft salubrious breeze,
A tropic island in the northern seas,

A full-blown rose of old Victorian days,
And loath to leave your cherished mother's ways.

Enriched with all the century can give,
You still take time to think and feel and live.

As a ripple in a treasure-laden stream
Gathers the gold-dust born through shade and gleam,

So thou hast sifted well the flowing tide
Of ruthless Western wealth and Eastern pride.

Upon the "Lion's" mane you safely cling
Nor fear the rustle of the "Eagle's" wing.

O portal fair to Yukon's oil and gold,
Prize well the envied vantage ground you hold!

O seagirt goddess rich in mead and mine,
Guard well "Britannia's far-flung battle line!"

JASON LEE

A cry from the gloom of the western wilds!
A pleading, outstretched hand!
"O who will give us the white man's book,
The trail to the spirit land?"
'Twas the death wail of the Indian race,
And longer, louder grew,
Till the winds caught up the weird refrain
And echoed, "Who—O, Who?"

And methinks that heaven took up the cry
Around the glassy sea,
And whispers leaped from lip to lip—
"Who will the hero be?"
And on our shore the angels looked
And wept in sympathy,
But none could find the man to go
Till God said, "Jason Lee."

Then Freedom cried with clarion voice,
"Where is the soul so bold
To tame yon howling wilderness
With its buried hope and gold?
Who will, for me, unfurl the flag
For the millions yet to be?"
And Old Glory seemed to vibrate
With the name of Jason Lee.

Again the voice of heaven called,
"O who will go for me,
And consecrate a lonely spot
In that empire by the sea,

For a stately Concord of the West—
A Salem yet to be?"
And Heroism answered back,
"The wife of Jason Lee."

Anon a temple to our God
Arose majestic'ly
Beside the silent camping ground
Where both sleep peacefully.
Among a galaxy of stars,
Whose shall the honor be?
And some said this and some said that,
But God said, "Jason Lee."

In Old Willamette's hall of fame,
First shall her founder be—
Ah! now methinks I see him stand
On heaven's balcony—
So big in body, heart, and brain,
And modest dignity—
The prince of western pioneers—
The stalwart Jason Lee.

THE OLD BARLOW ROAD

(Written at Government Camp, Mount Hood, August 15, 1910.)

Tread softly, boys, 'tis sacred dust,
Though only a mountain trail,
And every tree is a monument,
And each stone a coffin nail.

We stand on the famous Barlow Road,
Cut deep in history,
For o'er it came the immigrant train
From "the States" to the western sea.

This mile or more is abandoned now,
As a better route was found.
No modern wheel or automobile
Has defiled the holy ground.

From Sherer's bridge across De Chutes,
Moved many a famished crew,
Around Mount Hood, down Zigzag Gulch
To the town of Revenue.

Thence onward to Willamette Falls
Slow crept the caravans,
Or southward to Chemeckety
Where now a statehouse stands.

And o'er this trail for centuries gone
Had the muffled moccasin passed,
But the white man took the red man's road—
And his wide domain at last.

Here are footprints, too, of the weary feet
Of the Indian mother or maid,
Who bore in pain her merciless load,
And her merciless lord obeyed.

So the dust we tread is eloquent dust—
See, here is an arrow head,
And these whispering trees are telling the tale
Of the battles of white and red.

"WE STAND ON THE FAMOUS BARLOW ROAD"

There's the skull of an ox by yonder rocks,
And here a bit of leather—
Relics, perchance, of the pioneers,
Defying wind and weather.

That cedar root, all worn and torn,
Is a legend of many a line;
It was written there in human blood
By the wheels of "forty-nine."

And see! This bone is a woman's arm
Unearthed by the rains, no doubt.
They buried her here beneath the road
So the wolves wouldn't dig her out.

And yonder slab, rough-hewed and rude,
Was placed by a woman's hands;
She buried her husband there, they say,
Then drove on o'er the sands.

Alone, she chiseled the name and date—
With love and an ax 'twas done.
Ah, the women that trod the Oregon Trail
Were mothers and men in one!

And to journey on, what a lonesome way
For her and her little flock!
And every camp was farther away
From the little sacred rock.

And here they swung the wagons down
With rope and chain and stay,
For every wheel was a wheel of fate
And could never return this way—

Or better, wheels of Progress they,
In Civilization's march,
And the Zigzag Pass on the Barlow Road
Is the great triumphal arch.

So this to me is sacred dust,
Though only a "Witches' Trail,"
And every blaze is an epitaph,
And each clod a coffin nail.

YELLOWSTONE PARK—THE SECOND PARADISE

In ages past when Art was young,
And Music had not found her tongue,
Since man had fallen neath the curse,
The Maker of the universe,
In love, methinks, conceived to plan
Another paradise for man.

Exploring angels sought afar
To find a site where nought could mar,
And high upon the Rocky's crest,
Like a gate to heaven for the West,
They found a mystic land unknown,
Which now we call the Yellowstone.

'Twould be a place the race could sense
The grandeur of Omnipotence;
Where through the ages, hour by hour,
Would be displayed his sovereign power,
While every tender touch of love
Would woo the soul to things above.

All heights, all depths, all heat, all cold
Were fashioned in a mammoth mold.
  Both heaven and hades tribute paid
  When this new paradise was made,
For God in nature reigned alone
In carving out the Yellowstone.

But, as the hare more swiftness feels
Who hears the hound upon his heels,
  And has another chance to live,
  Which fair incentives could not give,
So God commends his love to men
By danger signals now and then.

Hence all the hideousness of hell,
With lurid light and noxious smell,
  From every dark and dismal shore,
  With horrid hiss and vengeful roar
Is raging like a living thing
From fiery pit and Stygian spring.

Great caldrons built on Titan plan,
Well named "The Devil's Frying Pan,"
  And gushing geysers vent their wrath
  And leave a brimstone aftermath.
But, awe and fury are not all
That's writ on sky and mountain wall.

For Beauty is a boon that's given
To bless this world, as well as heaven.
  Fair angel artists sought afar
  For shade and sheen from every star—
For every rare and radiant gem,
To deck the mountain's diadem.

"AND GUSHING GEYSERS VENT THEIR WRATH"

The cliffs and clouds alike were kissed
With dyes of some great alchemist,
  While sapphire flame and burnished gold
  Were rolled in splendor, fold on fold,
To arch the canyon's yawning deep,
And paint the lakes that lie asleep.

The "Paint Pots" and the pools are here,
The "Easel Lake" and gossamer,
  The "Sleeping Giant" and his seat—
  An artist's studio all complete—
The God of Beauty held his throne
When heaven made the Yellowstone.

Anon, the moisture-laden breeze
Bore in its burden from the seas,
  And soon a river leaped in play
  And galloped toward the gates of day,
While to the westward hastened one
Where in the ocean falls the sun.

But, that the place thus set apart
Should ever keep to Nature's heart,
  Old warden Winter shuts the gate,
  And white-robed sentries stand in state,
While silent moons they come and go,
Until the flowrets pierce the snow.

'Tis paradise for beast and bird,
Where hunter's gun is never heard.
  Here plays the antelope and fawn,
  The eagle, osprey, and the swan;
The beaver builds his house in peace,
The wapati and moose increase.

And here converge from all the earth
The friends of truth, the knights of mirth.
  The fainting heart and laggard brain
  Are girded for their task again,
For God in nature reigns alone,
Within the walls of Yellowstone.

❦ ❦ ❦

THE SLEEPING GIANT

(This unique natural curiosity is in Northwestern Wyoming, and is formed by a strange grouping of mountains. It is especially vivid and imposing from Lake Yellowstone.)

O for some language from on high
To catch the spirit of the sky
  In which this monarch sleeps!
Recumbent on his rugged throne,
Where summits pierce the ether zone
  He crowns the beetling steeps.

His white-capped sentries stand around,
As if by some unearthly sound
They petrified with fear.
His altar fires still smolder low,
His fountains leap with overflow
In royal gardens near.

Was he some prehistoric man,
Built on the ancient Aztec plan
To rule from shore to shore?
Or Thor, the noisy thunder god,
Put fast asleep by Morpheus' rod
And left for evermore?

In bold relief against the sky,
With cliff-made brow and heavy eye,
Upon his back he lies.
The spirit of the West, methinks,
Incarnate in this sleeping sphinx,
For æons did not rise.

With biggest dreams his soul is stirred,
He only waits his Master's word—
The clouds are flushed with dawn.
But half awakened to his power,
He gathers vigor for his hour,
To lead the nations on.

He dwells among the primal things,
And save the swish of eagle's wings,
And angry Lightning's tramp,
Dull Silence reigns about his head—
A hollow stillness draped with dread,
Where things eternal camp.

His couch is veiled with mountain mist,
His brow is by the morning kissed,
And his the last good-night.
Above the petty strifes of man,
Where Envy smites, and keeps who can,
He faces toward the light.

How like our race that cumbent form!
A target where the Titan storm
With fiery feet has trod!
And when it seemed that it was sleeping,
An age-long vigil it was keeping,
Still looking up to God.

ODE TO MOUNT HOOD

(Written at Mount Hood, August 14, 1910.)

Author of music, majesty, and might,
Lift me to nobler heights than I have known—
Expand my soul, breathe bigness in my words,
For mighty Hood demands a song high-pitched
Above mere Kipling rhymes and common things.
No puny pipes o' Pan play here on reeds,
But Boreas, whose smile the rainbow is,
Sounds forth his deep-voiced organ of the North.

Majestic monarch of the proud Cascades,
I drink thy beauty as the gates of dawn
Are lifting o'er thy gilded glacier fields.
Was heaven stripped of all her gorgeous dyes
To paint this rainbow on the skies, that fills
The vast horizon's arch, and crowns in light
Thy solemn silhouette against the sky?

"MAJESTIC MONARCH OF THE PROUD CASCADES"

What cataclysm reared thy mighty form
And strewed thy fragments for a hundred miles?
Does old Æolus, fabled King of Winds,
Dwell here, "Steel's Cliff" his brazen sounding board,
His acolytes the harpies of the storm?
From whence this curling smoke and sulphur fumes,
And why this heat around thy ancient throat?
Will Stygian fury some day spew its rage
Anew on lurid skies and leaping hills?
On Cloud Cap Inn, and new Pompeii's Camps?

No "Alps on Alps" beyond thy crest arise.
With ermine robe and Hermes' fleecy veil
Thou hast the morn's first kiss and last good-night.
Just now the dove of peace hangs o'er thy head
And hovers gently in the sleepy clouds,
Which pendant hang as o'er a newborn heaven—
But while I speak, I hear the rumbling storm
Like chariots o'er these hollow fields of ice,
And heaven's dome is etched with zigzag light,
And frescoed with the foam that breaks around
Thy head—the target of the thunderbolt.

Thy lakes and caves are reservoirs of power,
Thy cliffs and canyons, autographs of God.
These pinnacles are heaven-pointing hands,
These jutting ledges, arabesques divine.
No Pharaoh bleaches 'neath thy pyramid—
Nor was it built by blood of goaded serfs—
The Lord alone reigns here—he was, and is,
And is to be thine only potentate.

THE INDIAN DEATH WAIL

All the village of Rikawrus
  Is a pageant of mirth,
As a band of Cheyenne warriors,
  With their painted shield and girth,

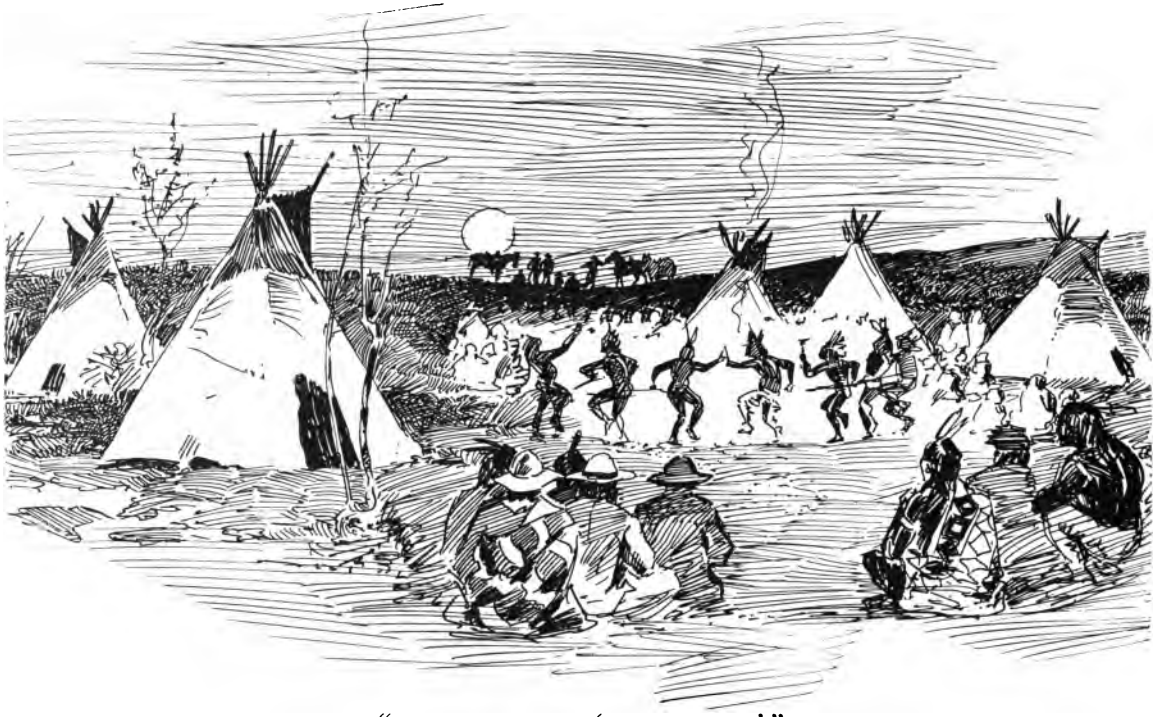
Ride and chant a song of triumph,
  All in war paints bloody red,
With a crest of eagle feathers
  Bristling gayly from each head.

Hear the dance and savage music—
  Roman revel gone insane—
Old and young in gaudy trappings—
  Painted demons "raising Cain."

Scalps and trophies, shields and banners
  Deck the wigwams and the trees—
Shouting heralds spread the tidings
  Of the recent victories.

Bonfires glare in garish glee,
  Ghoulish shadows farther crawl,
Till a silence suddenly
  O'er the feasting seems to fall.

From the bleak and barren mountain,
  Looming grim upon the plain,
Comes a wail upon the night wind
  Like a desert ghost in pain.



"PAINTED DEMONS 'RAISING CAIN'"

Worse than wail of starving panther,
  Dismal as from doomèd souls,
Louder, longer, wilder, weirder,
  Wave on wave the anguish rolls.

They are poor, defenseless women—
  Women wailing for their dead—
Hungry, cold, and all forsaken—
  Winter's blast upon their head.

One by one had they departed,
  When a runner first revealed
That a husband, son, or lover
  Had been left upon the field.

Lonely Chip-pe-wy-an Mountains
  Mock the cadence of their cry—
If the wolf-pack soon assembles
  They will neither fight nor fly.

Tell me not, O sordid Saxon,
  That an Indian cannot feel—
That the "font of his affections
  Has been frozen cold as steel."

True, he has been dwarfed and hardened—
  Made to drink life's bitter mead,
Made the target of the tempest,
  And the victim of our greed.

But, Shoshone or Cheyenne,
  Sioux, Nez Percé, Powhatan—
Still beneath the stoic breast
  Beats the aching heart of man.

THE GARDEN IN THE SKIES

I see a garden in the skies,
  Fresh with celestial showers—
Is it some mirage of paradise?
  Or the spirit land of flowers?
    Whate'er it be,
    It seems to me
  More beautiful than ours.

Above the purple hills of dawn
  A giant sunflower peeps,
And when his yellow disk is gone
  And the moon her voyage keeps,
    She's a lily—
    Pale and chilly,
  On her azure lake she sleeps.

Yon burnished clouds are floral banks
  On the grave of Yesterday—
See the sable nuns in broken ranks
  File down the path to pray,
    And strew the night
    With petals white,
  Which makes the "Milky Way"!

A comet is a big bouquet
  Trailed headlong in a race;
Each star a white anemone
  Emplanted in her place—
    So shy and pale,
    So fair and frail,
  She gives the garden grace.

When through the clouds at evening's ebb,
I saw those twinkling eyes,
It used to seem a diamond web
Where sifted gold-dust lies,
But now it seems
That perfume streams
From a flower bed in the skies!

"ON HER AZURE LAKE SHE SLEEPS"

ODE TO ASTORIA

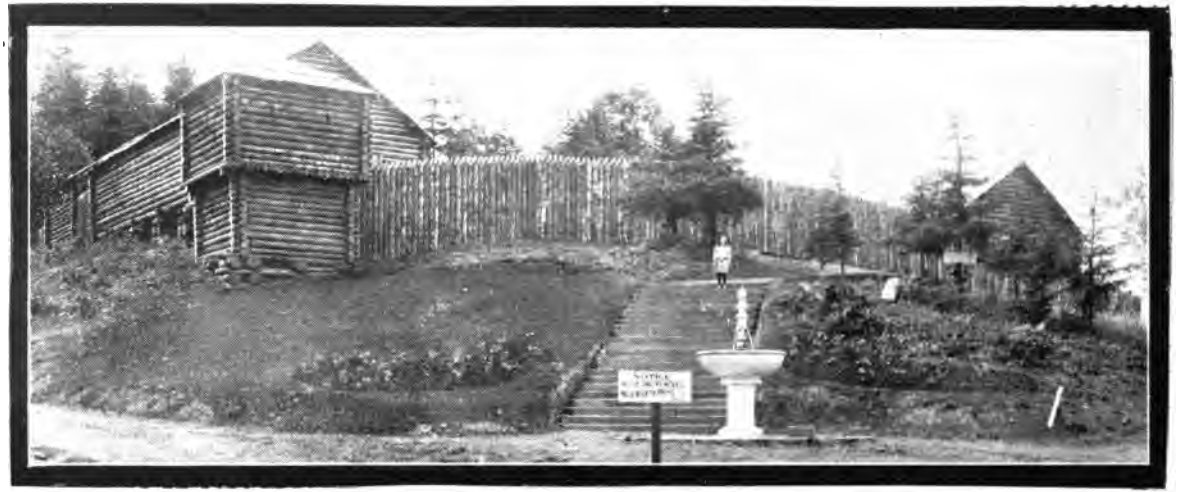
On Columbia's broadened breast
At the Gateway of the West
Is a city which the Muses did decree
Was to sit a sylvan queen
On her terraced hills of green
While she listens to the music of the sea.

Once a famous financier
With a prophet's listful ear
Built a rustic little hamlet on the shore.
With its rugged palisade
In the gloomy forest shade,
Methinks that I can see it as of yore.

In the mists of early dawn,
In the century agone,
I seem to hear a siren as it sings:
"Let the trapper ply his trade,
While the dusky Clatsop maid
Looks with wonder on 'the ships with the wings.'

"Let the sportive spotted fawn
Feed upon the sylvan lawn,
But mind the couchant shadow in the tree!
Let the mighty, magic river
Mingle with the mists forever
As it's wedded to the waters of the sea.

"O the lonely, nameless shore
Where dumb silence evermore
Is but deepened by the sobbing of the tide!
O the mute and muffled sigh
When the bloody arrows fly,
And a scalp is brought a-quiver to a bride"!



"WITH ITS RUGGED PALISADE"

But the mystery and maze
Of romantic early days
Are but setting for the centuries before.
There's a flush upon the sky,
Her crowning day is nigh,
And she finds herself sitting at the world's front door.

Port of entry potentate,
In an empire growing great,
Stretching eastward to the Rocky Mountain's crest—
Pioneer of pioneers,
Gath'ring treasure with the years,
Old Astoria, the Brooklyn of the West!

Not an isolated post,
But a city she shall boast
Where the ships shall ride at anchor from the world.
Firmly fixed by Nature's law
On the path to Panama,
Let her banners to the breeze be unfurled.

O Astoria, my pride,
On Columbia's heaving tide,
With the balmy ocean breath on your breast,
May your purpose point as high
As your cedars in the sky,
While you safely guard the Gateway of the West.

❦ ❦ ❦

THE PATH TO PANAMA

Bring your dredges, Uncle Sam,
Now they're done at Gatun Dam,
Open up our channel mouth
For the traffic going south,

"ALONG THE PATH TO PANAMA"

Dig it deep and dig it wide,
Make Invention help the tide,
For the busiest place you ever saw
Will be the Path to Panama.

Stand upon the dock with me
In a year or two and see!
"Pilot," calls some Southern Star,
"How much water on the bar?"
"Forty feet or there about,
Enough to float the navy out—
With all the water you can draw,
We're on the Path to Panama."

Upon the Path to Panama!
Where gulls have nuggets in their craw—
Where Golden Gates are swinging free,
And doughnuts ripen on the tree—
Where fish have "silver sides" and skies
Are painted rich with "Diamond Dyes"—
And "swellest" tides without a flaw
Will sweep the Path to Panama.

And now's the time we're glad to be
Upon this highway of the sea.
'Tis Uncle Samuel's royal road,
Where all the nations will "be showed,"
For the biggest fair you ever saw
Will grace the Path to Panama.
"So bring you ma and bring your pa"
Along the Path to Panama.

OREGON HOLLY

(Why should not Berberis Aquifolium, or Oregon Grape, become to our Pacific Coast what holly is to England? Could it not be suggestive of all the sentiments of patriotism, home and religion, and especially foster veneration for the pioneer, and all that is distinctively Western in spirit?)

As holly tells of feudal days,
Of yuletide feasts and laughter,
So thou, the pride of Oregon,
Shall trail thy glories after.

When woodland flowers are all asleep
And hazel wands are bare,
You reign like some primeval chief
Who oft has tented there.

Your leaves are laundered by the rain,
And glossed by winter's wing
To garnish festive hall and home,
And the temples of our King.

Hast holly sharper spines than thou?
Her leaves a richer hue?
If she should boast of berries red,
Boast thou of berries blue.

And if perchance, from prestige proud,
She does not grant your greatness,
Then take this arrow and atone
For any charge of lateness:

"O'er every sea the healed have sung
The virtues of my root—
Can English Mary's famous tree
Make bitters from its foot?"

Let holly reign in Britain's land
And Scotland sing of heather;
For us, the grape of Oregon
Has both their charms together.

BACK TO ALBANY

A bird turned loose among the flowers,
In the San Diego sun,
Soon sighed to see the gentle showers,
And struck for Oregon—
About an hour, it seems to me,
Till it arrived at Albany.

A cat, blindfolded in the night
Outside the college door,
Was carried in a box car tight
A thousand miles or more—
The train was wrecked, but all agree
The cat showed up in Albany.

A man got dry, in this temperance town,
And struck for a faster place—
He wandered the nation up and down
Till his purse was empty space—
Then rode a "brake" from Tennessee,
To get back home to Albany.

A native here once died, they say,
And went to Paradise,
He viewed it o'er in a listless way,
With a look of sad surprise—
Then formed a club and prayed to be
Sent back to boost for Albany.

THE WESTWARD MARCH

PRELUDE

Beside some lost Alaskan lake,
The Plover born in Spring;
Ere rising for his southward flight,
Before the Winter King,
First circles round his native ground
To train his tender wing.

The lake is all the world to him,
The world itself a dream;
But instinct paints within his breast
Some placid southern stream;
And braver grown, he cleaves the zone,
In Autumn's glint and gleam.

With kindling eye and pinion strong,
  At league on league laughs he;
The mountain air is wine to him,
  And wine the heaving sea;
Until the Southland of his dream
  Becomes reality.

So, modestly, O Muse of mine,
  Unfold thy wings for me,
And fed by ozone from on high,
  Emboldened thou shalt be.
And Comrade true, whoe'er thou art,
  Lend us thy company.

The voyage now for you and me
  Is still a way unknown,
As westward round the globe we fly,
  In pathways all our own;
Then shrink not at the Alpine blast,
  Or at the ocean's moan!

THE DEPARTURE

As fairy Sleep her gos'mer wove
  Across my weary brain,
Methought I saw an angel form,
  Come flying o'er the main,
And pause upon my sleeping porch,
  And shake the dripping rain.

She gently touched me on the brow,
  And whispered earnestly:
"Wouldst read the record of your race?
  Arise and fly with me—
The earth is all ablaze with light,
  And man too blind to see!"

I know not how I found my wings,
I only know I flew—
'Twas easy as the zephyr's wing,
That sweeps the morning dew.
My strange companion spoke again,
As near my side he drew:

"Progressus is my earthly name—
Impulse I never lack;
But ever onward keep my course,
Across the zodiac."
He touched my eyes and bid me look
Along Earth's backward track.

A flash! A strange mysterious light!
I raised my eyes to look.
As mists were rolled in heaps of gold
While Morn her tresses shook,
I saw the centuries unfold,
As plain as any book.

THE WESTERN SPIRIT BORN

Behold a Pilgrim, staff in hand,
With God alone his guest;
He walks by faith the desert waste,
The Promised Land his quest;
He turns his back on ancient Ur—
'Tis Abram going West!

The shifting ages onward march
In stately steps sublime;
I see three Wise Men pass in view,
Their camel bells a-chime,
And in their hearts I read the quest
Of the knighthood of all time.

Upon all pioneers of Truth
Their mantles fall anon.
The world's long night has waned at last,
The East is streaked with dawn;
A star hangs over Bethlehem,
And westward beckons on.

FOUR FAMOUS SEAS

Thus westward ever leads the star
Of human destinies,
And sheds its fairest radiance
Around four famous seas;
And each is greater than the last,
Like God's divine decrees.

And first we see fair Galilee
Where Jesus walked and talked,
Dispensing Balm of Gilead
Where sin and sorrow stalked,
And saving sailors blanched with fear
While in the storm they rocked.

But Jordan's hills cannot enchain
The Life divinely great.
Behold! He speaks! Creation moves!
The nations march in state!
Jerusalem rejects her Lord—
"Her house is desolate."

Her treasure stores are moved to Rome,
Like honey moved by bees;
The restless spirit is released,
And seeks for larger seas,
Till Tiber's triremes press beyond
The Gates of Hercules.

The Levant soon is left behind
For a wilder, wider sea;
The human current pours across
Old Gaul to Brittany,
And all the region throbs with life
From Cork to Zuyder Zee.

The nations catch the Wanderlust;
It burns in every vein;
'Tis "Westward ho, with a rumbelo
And hurrah for the Spanish Main";
And the prow of Progress, westward bent,
Shall ne'er turn back again.

I hear the flap of the salty sail,
And the shout of the gallant tars,
As around the great Atlantic's rim
They march like Sons of Mars,
Until upon the western world
They plant a flag of stars.

Then caravans of pioneers
Pushed westward still and on,
Till the path ran into an Indian trail
And the trail itself was gone!
They thought they saw the setting sun—
'Twas only early dawn.

The Star of Empire did not set,
E'en at Pacific's brink;
It blazed a chain of light across,
Each Isle a golden link,
Till drowsy Nippon's startled hosts
At living fountains drink.

"LIKE DUST OF GOLD ABOVE A SILVER SEA"

The king of oceans leashed at last!
And here shall heaven behold
The grandest drama of all time
Its mighty role unfold;
And here the kingdoms of the earth
Shall pour their filtered gold.

THE CONQUEST OF THE FUTURE

Is time no more, O Pilot mine?
"'Tis but begun," quoth he,
"A thousand centuries with God
Are but as yesterday"—
And cycles rolled like dust of gold
Above a silver sea.

The great processional moved on
Across the gulf of years;
They scaled the walls of Prejudice,
And sailed the sea of Fears;
They left a streak of light and love
Where all was blood and tears.

And in the vision I could see
No clash of race or tongue—
No discord in the marching step,
Or in the song they sung,
But with the stride of victory
Around the earth they swung.

CONCLUSION

Mine eyes were opened then to see
My messenger so meek.
The angel of the Lord was he—

I bowed to hear him speak:
"God is himself the Holy Grail
The nations blindly seek."

Each renaissance the world has known
Was born at his behest;
Brave Progress wears his symbol true
Upon a valiant crest;
Disguised, God leads the column still
In the spirit of the West.

The world is all ablaze with light,
But man's too blind to see.
"And East is East and West is West,"
But one the twain shall be,
When the peace of God shall fill the earth
As the waters fill the sea!

"STILL BORE ALOFT THE BANNER BRIGHT,
WHILE THUNDER CLOUDS WERE RIVEN"

A SONG FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

Arise and shout, ye native sons!
And sing, ye daughters fair!
Your natal sun ascends the East
And rides in glory there.
And in the sky methinks I see
A gay mirage of light
Reflected from a million flags
With stars emblazoned bright.

And let the eagle scream her joy
Who, through the fateful years
When war baptized the land with blood
And washed it with its tears,
Still bore aloft the banner bright,
While thunder clouds were riven,
Until it caught the falling stars
From heaven in tribute given.

And shout! Ye millions foreign-born,
Who sought this western world
To pluck fair Freedom's rarest flowers
And keep her flag unfurled.
And let the echoes roll and roll,
In a ravishing refrain,
From sweet magnolias of the South
To princely pines of Maine.

Let Yukon's golden trumpet sound,
And bells of freedom ring
From every isle that nestles now
Beneath the eagle's wing.

Let cascades leap, and geysers play,
And oceans roar their glee,
Till a tidal wave of liberty
Shall roll from sea to sea!

❦ ❦ ❦

THE VISIT OF THE FLEET

("There go the Ships."—David.)

In a long majestic line against the sky
I see the massive squadron marching by—
Great bristling palaces of triple steel,
But riding smooth as coots upon the keel.

Each of the score, a fortress all complete,
Could hide old Jason's Argonauts and fleet.
Ten thousand men they bear, with shot and shell
Enough to storm old Satan's citadel.

And see the clouds from vulcan chimneys rolled!
A mountain chain in ebony and gold,
That floats as graceful on the lingering dawn
As tawny tresses of an Amazon.

Green forests wave a welcome to our home,
And eagles scream from old Sierra's dome.
Let Shasta swing the Golden Gate and smile,
While Lick[1] shall flash the news to Luzon's Isle!

For old Balboa's ocean never bore
A pageant half so grand as this before;
A thousand centuries she had to wait
To see Columbia's fleet march by in state.

[1]The Lick Observatory, California.

Sail on! ye proud policemen of the deep,
While safely now Pacific cities sleep.
Sail on! Sail on! till navies sail no more—
Till the dove of Peace shall reign on every shore.

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THE CHRIST OF ARGENTINE

(In 1898, war between Chile and Argentine having been averted by arbitration, a bronze statue of Christ was erected on the very summit of the Andes, on the disputed boundary line, as a monument of perpetual peace.)

O, blood-red races, lift your eyes
  Toward the Southern Cross!
Two valiant rivals rise above
  The war clouds' direful loss.

And these the lands that once were torn
  By the bloody Almagro—
Where freedom followed Bolivar
  A hundred years ago!

How oft they trod the crimson path
  The race itself hath trod,
And trampled on the flower of Peace,
  That sacred flower of God.

But now on Andes' dazzling height,
  The earth and heaven between,
They lift the nations' arbiter—
  The Christ of Argentine!

Then come, thou sturdy Southern sons,
  Receive thou each a star!
A nobler coronet you've won
  Than e'er was won in war.

Your nitrate beds and sulphur mines
  That fed the fumes of hell,
Shall hurl a thousand blessings now,
  Instead of shot and shell.

And bleeding Mercy, lift thy head!
  The race will yet be free!
The Christ of Peace has been enthroned
  Where all the world can see.

Grim prophet of the Golden Dawn,
  Majestic and serene,
The snowy peak thy pedestal,
  Thou Christ of Argentine!

Let fair Aurora Australis
  Use all her magic light
To paint a halo o'er thy head
  On winter's silent night.

Then flash a signal to The Hague,
  And one to heaven be hurled;
"The parliament of man appears,
  The federated world!"

Forever hold thy regal throne,
  The earth and heaven between,
Till all the tribes have joined their hands
  With Christ of Argentine!

HYMN FOR MEMORIAL DAY

Lift your eyes to yonder city
  On the placid plains of Peace!
See the human river flowing
  In a stream that does not cease!

'Tis "the river that makes happy
The city of our God,"
Where the priceless blood of freedom
Never stains the sacred sod.

Those the royal knights and noble
Who once died to keep their tryst
As they bound their country's colors
Round the banner of their Christ.

See them passing through the portals!
See the epaulets they wear!
Kindred spirits, brave immortals,
For the hero's home so fair.

See the scarred and halting remnant
Who their Captain's call await!
Painfully the white procession
Presses upward to the gate.

But the ranks are ever filling
With the souls who dare to die
For their faith in God and country
And a holy purpose high.

Maids and mothers still are lifted
In that sublimated love
Where they live on lost caresses
And the treasured hopes above.

Still in tears they bid their warriors,
"Go and battle for the right,"
While they brave life's long nightwatches
That the land may have the light.

And recruits will e'er be ready
For the battles yet to be,
Till a flag of truce is lifted
Over every land and sea.

MENTAL HORIZONS

I. Mr. Smallman—Selfishness.

With the markets his spirits rise and fall,
His sympathy stops with stomach wall.
He would pull the world in his little shell,
Nor glance to see who stood or fell.
Both church and charity plead in vain,
And a school tax simply raises Cain.
But thanks to nature, few survive,
Hatched in this Lilliputian hive.

II. Mr. Booster—Civic Pride.

His interest leaps to the city line—
"The civic weal," he cries, "is mine,"
And I cheer him on with a loud, "Amen!"
But listen a moment, he's shouting again—
"No neighbor town is worth a cent—
They all are grafters—after rent—
'The coming London,' 'the Western Hub'—
But the spokes are short—'aye, there's the rub.'"
He tries to boost his little town
By knocking other boosters down.

III. Mr. Wholecoast—The Western Spirit.

But a larger soul rides in the list,
And swings a lariat in his fist—

('Tis only a habit from earlier date,
For now he is dealing in real estate)—
And he cries, "The West! The wild, wide West!
From Nome to Frisco, the last and best!"
It tingles my blood like a veteran's gun,
And I cheer for the land of the setting sun.

IV. Colonel Spreadeagle—Patriotism.

But I hear the tramp of a marching host;
Then look beyond our far-flung coast
As our spangled flag goes floating by,
And freedom's shout ascends the sky;
"America" we proudly sing,
And the orator bears us on the wing:
"No East, or West, no North, or South,
For the nation bought at the cannon's mouth!"

V. Professor Whitepride—Race Prejudice.

Anon approaches a critical sage,
Unrolling the record from age to age,
And cries in a cold and cynical whine,
"My brotherhood stops with the color line—
The Anglo-Saxon race for me—
The race that was and is to be;
Down with the rest, a mongrel herd,
Whether Jap or German, Swede or Kurd!"

VI. Brother Bigheart—Christianity.

The creed I hold is too divine
To be walled in by a color line.
I praise the Lord for a humble place
In the mighty Anglo-Saxon race.

All circles of loyalty I prize,
But a vaster vision greets my eyes.
I shout for the East, I shout for the West—
I shout for our nation God has blest,
But my horizon is the race—
Its radius great as God's own grace.
From my heart's embrace I let none go,
Whether man in the mansion, or "man with the hoe"—
Hurrah for humanity's rich, red blood,
That throbs its way to the throne of God.

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THE EAGLE RIDE; OR, SEE FIRST THY NATIVE LAND

"The eye may well be glad that looks
Where Pharpar's fountains rise and fall,
But he who sees his native brooks
Laugh in the sun has seen them all."

I

The bell tolled "Ten"; then sang "Eleven" in glee
And yet I mused. Then rising restlessly
I gazed across the 'luring moonlit sea
Where siren voices ever call.
I held a "Tourist Guide" from lands afar,
Adorned with Alpine staff and jaunting car—
"I'll see earth's wonderland," I told a star,
"From Hammerfest to Aspinwall."

II

The "Wanderlust" still gnawing at my mind,
Upon my couch I carelessly reclined
And slept. But suddenly a bird unkind,
More weird than ever haunted Poe,

"A BIRD . . . MORE WEIRD THAN EVER HAUNTED POE"

With flapping wing, against the window pressed—
Then bursting through, the wild, uncanny guest
Drew near, "Old Glory" floating from his crest,
His tawny feathers flecked with snow.

III

Erect, defiant, like an outraged king
He stood, as if a challenge he would bring,
And execute with cruel threat'ning wing,
Rude blood-stained claws and Roman beak.
His eye like liquid fire upon me gleamed,
And with the same imperial pose he screamed,
"See first thy native land," while proudly streamed
His banner with those words in Greek.

IV

One "solar plexus" then I seemed to be—
The earth spun round with such rapidity
That Stars and Stripes was all that I could see.
But, lo! at length I seemed to glide
Far inland from my cot beside the main,
O'er seas of evergreen, till from the plain
I saw Multnomah's cascades leap in vain
And tumble in Columbia's tide.

V

But towering specter-like above the scene,
Her glacier fields the earth and heaven between,
We spied Mount Hood, enthroned as Western Queen,
And near her stood her waiting maids,
The Sisters Three, all sweet in gowns of white.
But northward now my escort took his flight
Above Bach's fabled "Bridge"—uncanny sight
Of wild romance and Indian shades.

VI

Soon Puget's waters in the moonlight glare—
A sea ensnarled among the mountains there,
It lay a-dreaming of the Yukon Fair,
  Earth's Mecca for the coming hour—
A world of beauty cast in magic mold!
Arena for the races young and old,
Where Eastern gem shall vie with Western gold
  For world supremacy and power!

VII

The pale Olympics caught Boreas' beam,
And like a line of turbaned gods, they seem
To throw this legend on the night's wild dream:
  "See fair Columbia first of all."
Soon Walla Walla's waving wheat I saw,
Then Yellowstone's enchanted ground, in awe
I viewed, and heard earth's hungry, hissing maw
  Belch forth Plutonian rage, and fall.

VIII

Old Faithful played "America," I know,
And e'en the bear and elk and buffalo
All seemed to snort their protest, ere I go
  Abroad in search of scenery.
And burnt in living letters on the flag
That backward bent like horns of flying stag,
And echoing from the beetling mountain crag
  And borne by blizzards to the sea,

IX

I heard the same imperious command:
"See first—see first—thine own—thy native land"!

"A SEA ENSNARLED AMONG THE MOUNTAINS THERE"

It rose and rolled like some celestial band
O'er inland seas and sweeping plain—
O'er Northern pines, and sighing cypress trees
Where freedmen chanted it upon the breeze,
Till old Niag'ra, striking all her keys,
Roared forth the same sublime refrain.

X

Above this liquid tempest, wheeling wild,
My wingèd steed disported like a child
And shrieked: "Can Rhine or Rhone, or Poe so mild
Exhibit one Niag'ra Falls?"
But eastward blown by some tremendous gust,
We looked on marble pile and noble bust
Where stately elms weep over Concord's dust—
Our own Westminster's classic halls.

XI

With southward sweep o'er many a hero's tomb,
We caught the breath of "Sweet Magnolias' bloom,"
And saw the Everglades awake from gloom
To burnish bright their southern star.
But seized by restless romance of the West,
O'er Houston's far-flung plains he pushed his breast—
Before "The Holy Cross" he bowed his crest,
And lightnings flashed the scene afar.

XII

Old "Eagle City" first his homage drew,
Then "Garden of the Gods" and "Manitou,"
And up the spiral road of Pike he flew—
That conquered monarch of the air—

And thrilled by kindred taste in building homes,
He flapped his pinions o'er the cliff-built domes
Where Toltec tribes have left their sphinxine gnomes
To guard their ancient glory there.

XIII

Low swooping where the Colorado curled,
With dipping wing, a hundred leagues he whirled
Adown the one great canyon of the world.
My heart was wild with native pride!
Six thousand feet below the wond'ring sky!
Six thousand feet of terraces on high!
As if by Titans plowed in years gone by,
The earth's bare breast lay open wide.

XIV

But soon "The City of the Angels" shone—
Where nature, art, and gold conspire in one
To fuse the fairest gem the world has known—
One wilderness of wealth and flowers.
The Golden Gate still guarded bay and brine,
Her goddess radiant from her vulcan shrine,
And over orange grove and mead and mine
We swept, where King Sequoi towers.

XV

Past wild Yosemite's gorge my bird sped on—
Old Shasta, like a white mirage was gone,
And Crater Lake lay smiling at the dawn
That crept across volcanic sand.
I next expected Yukon's golden shore,
But heard fair Bandon's breakers roar
And mingle with a parting cry above my door—
"See first of all thy native land."

HAYSTACK ROCK—OREGON COAST

FATHER HUCKLEBERRY AND THE AEROPLANE

Well, 'Mandy, I got home alive,
But it's Providence, I guess,
For Baldy run the last two miles
Like the "Limited Express."

I knew he seemed to feel his oats,
And still could jump a fence,
But I supposed his fourteen years
Had given him some sense.

He got his Arab ginger up
At Mulkey's water trough,
And he's never liked that motor car
Since they took the horses off.

And then the wheels and auto-beels
Were a-paintin' up the town,
Till when I crossed them depot tracks
I couldn't hold him down.

I had that anxious feelin',
Like the dove in Noah's ark,
But I seemed to keep my bearin'
Till I passed that Goltra Park.

When suddenly I heard a noise
That nearly struck me blind,
And saw a big new-fangled thing
With a whirl-a-gig behind.

'Twas like a Salem Easter hat,
With its double deck and riggin',
And its yards of wire and canvas
All a-jumpin' and a-jiggin'.

And settin' on the runnin' gear
A-trailin' o'er the trees,
Was a man a-ridin' on it
As happy as you please.

I thought some "Open River" craft
Had blown up from resistance,
And tried a-floatin' overland
To shorten up the distance.

It was puffin' at its engine,
And a-flappin' of its wings,
Like Old Nick himself was flyin'—
And a lot o' other things.

Then it kind o' dawned upon me,
Since it didn't touch the ground,
It must be Burkhart's air machine,
A-aviatin' 'round.

Of course, from force of habit,
I pulled and hollered, Whoa!
But it only made him hump himself,
And you ought to see him go!

The buckboard tetered back and forth
On a single wheel or two,
And only hit the highest bumps,
Like the scorchin' autos do.

His tail streamed like the comet's tail,
His ears were laid down tight—
Why, no one needs an air machine
When Baldy gets scared right.

So you can have Darius Green,
If you keep him out the road,
But I prefer the good old ground,
And a little bigger load.

FATHER HUCKLEBERRY AT SEATTLE

Well, I'm takin' in Seattle,
As the postal mark will show,
And I've been here once before,
But you wouldn't ever know.

For the place has been a-changin'
Like a girl of sweet sixteen,
And a fourteen-story buildin'
Stands as stately as a queen.

And then little baby oceans
That got tangled in the hills
Caught the new "Seattle Spirit"
And are runnin' boats and mills.

And I kind o' lose my compass,
For the car lines twist like snakes
Till I seem about to meet myself
A-comin' round the lakes.

Why, it's one conglomeration
Of the city and the sea,
And it makes me pause and wonder
What its destiny will be.

As I watched a train, a-glitterin'
Like a comet on the night,
It dove beneath the city,
And again appeared in sight.

And they're diggin' out a channel
To Lake Washington the sweet,
Where the ships of Uncle Samuel
Can come and wash their feet.

And they took old Denny Mountain
And they cast it in the sea,
For their faith is mostly workin'
And a-bringin' things to be.

Of course the latest thing in Fairs
Is the A. Y. P. unique—
Where your dollars love to linger
As you "pay 'em in a streak."

I had watched the fiery serpents
  Climbin' up the Bon Marche
And was loafin' 'round among the parks
  That bloom along the bay,

When a measly little fellow
  Said, a-squeakin' through his nose,
"Don't it make a Beaver jealous
  The way Seattle grows?"

And I straightened up my shoulders
  Like a boy of twenty-two,
And I said, "The Western Spirit
  Should be big enough for TWO."

So here's to Portland and Seattle
  With their treasures and their trains,
But they needn't knock each other
  'Cause they feel their growin' pains!

WEBFOOT IN THE LEAD

Well, I've been to see the capers
  That they're cuttin' at the fair,
And you bet there's somethin' doing
  And old Webfoot's gettin' there.

Why, I'd come to the conclusion
  That we'd kind o' gone to seed,
And the other big exhibits
  Would be trottin' in the lead.

But you'd ought to see them fellers
From the dried-up eastern slopes—
Why, they call our cherries peaches,
And our peaches cantaloupes!

And we have a little saplin',
For to hold the flag, you see,
And they nearly break their necks
Just a-lookin' up the tree.

And a feller lost his manners
When he "watched Tacoma grow"—
But a slab that we're a-showin'
Did some growin' long ago.

And there was Homer[1] makin' pictures,
And Miller[2] makin' rhymes,
(And a lot of other fellers
That were there to make the dimes).

And I said, "Trot out your talent
With a pencil or a pen!"
And it seemed to me that Webfoot
Was a-gettin' there again.

And talk about "Kentucky beauties"
And "The lilies of the South"—
Why, beside our Mossback maidens
They're like roses in a drought!

And I saw some soldiers drillin'
With an "M" upon their caps,
And I heard the people sayin'
"Them's a husky lot o' chaps!"

[1] Homer Davenport. [2] Joaquin Miller.

And when a Webfoot hits "the trail"
With his knapsack on his back,
Why, it's hard to find the feller
That can make a bigger track.

"AND THE OTHER BIG EXHIBITS"

MY FIRST PIECE OF BEAR

In the fall of '95,
While the boys were on the drive
A-roundin' up the cattle on the range,
A trapper friend of mine
Caught a bruin, fat and fine,
For the mountains of Nehalem nothin' strange.

And he cut me off a piece,
And I fried it in the grease,
And I thought I had a morsel very rare;
But it smelled so kind o' funny,
Like a mess of fish and honey—
As I sized up my first piece of bear.

But nothin' could be finer,
And a hungry "Forty-niner"
Would have eaten more than that for his share!
But my stomach kept objectin',
And I sorter sat reflectin'
Whether I could really eat a piece of bear.

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And it kept a kind o' stickin',
And I thought I felt it kickin',
As I swallowed at my first piece of bear;
Then I braced against the table,
With a look the ancient fable
Said the Trojans in a battle used to wear.

And I just shut my eyes
And pounced upon my prize,
Like I didn't have a minute for to spare;
And I guess it holds to reason
That you needn't stop to season,
When you get a fellow hungry as a bear.

And oftentimes you'll find
That your taste is in your mind
When you're turnin' up your nose in the air;
If you didn't know its name,
You could eat it and be game,
And not struggle with your first piece of bear.

A HUSTLE FOR THE FAIR

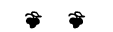
Come, hurry up, Sonny,
And rustle your money!
No time to chase chipmunks if you're to be there!
And you, Mollie and Bess,
Be a makin' that dress,
For this is the summer we go to the Fair!

They'll have all o' them shows
And nobody knows
How big it will be till a fellow gets there!

There's all the concessions
From foreign possessions—
And your quality cousins will be at the Fair!

The world's comin' our way,
But sharpers they say
Keep you watchin' your wallet and loaded for bear—
But we'll camp on the "Trail"
If it takes the last nail,
For we've dug mighty hard to help fix for the Fair.

Then hurry up, Johnny,
And rustle your money,
And get your new jacket and slick up your hair!
Turn the calf with the cow,
And arrange it somehow
So the last little Webfoot can go to the Fair.



GLACIER PARK

At last we've reached the famous place
Where panthers pant and glaciers glace;

Where clouds float low and fish jump high,
And icy summits pierce the sky;

Where icebergs in a lakelet float,
Where a boy's a boy, and a kid's a goat;

Where deer and "dears" play on the rocks,
And the latter wear bisected frocks;

Where the bighorn plays his sheepish tricks,
And moose are not in politics;

"WHERE ICY SUMMITS PIERCE THE SKY"

Where avalanches crack and creak,
And Satan slides on "Heaven's Peak";

Where hell and heaven both are near,
Where grub and greenbacks disappear;

* * * * * * * *

Where the tipsy tip the bottle,
And the ladies tip the guide;
And the packload tips the pony,
Till he tumbles down the slide.

Where a hotel is a "chalet,"
And a tourist is a "dude";
Where the porcupine pines
When the tenderfeet intrude.

UNCLE ABE'S ADVICE

You great, big loafin' darky!
A-whinin' like a whelp,
While yo' neighbor's hay's a-spilin'
'Case he can't git any help!
I want to tell yo', honey,
De worl' won't treat you white
If yo' wait to load yo' musket
Till de possum is in sight.

When yo' was a youngster, Isaac,
Yo' wouldn't go to school,
But played aroun' de barnyard
Like a triflin', yearlin' mule.

Yo' wouldn't work nor learn a trade,
Now, when de day's half done,
Yo'se a-huntin' for life's possum
Wid a little empty gun.

Quit yo' grumblin' 'bout yo' chances!
Shed dat coat and grab dat fork!
Even white folks should go hungry
When dey git too good to work.
Stuff a little amernishun
In dat woolly head to-night—
Bettah always do yo' loadin'
'Fore de possum is in sight.

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TO AN EDITOR

(On the Return of a Manuscript.)

So my "lines are too heavy"—you "want something light"—
"With less of humanity's battle for right"—
"With more of the jingle, and less of the march"—
You want it like linen without any starch!

"Just touches of fancy," "without any fun"—
That wilts like an onion leaf out in the sun!
Just gushes of "sentiment"—mushy and thin,
That won't provoke thinking, or even a grin.

Your "popular writers" apparently think
That poetry's nothing but rhyming and ink.
With no sweep of the fancy, no food for the brain,
They drizzle on smoothly like Oregon rain.

They must rise and strike fire with their rhythmical lyre,
Or their tame little ditties are born to expire.
Why if rhyming, not climbing, is all there is to it,
I can write it myself—I've a notion to do it.

I'm inclosing a sample—an ample example—
Of sound without sense, not worth a sixpence.
I hope it will suit, for it scarce could be worse
Than reams of the stuff you are printing for verse.

THE EMPTY GUN

(Suggested by the numerous accidents from guns that were supposed to be empty.)

You may loop the loop, and leap the gap,
You may bump the bumps, and trap the trap,
You may shoot the chutes, and scoot the scoot,
And dive the dive in a parachute;

You may run an auto through a train,
And skim the sea in an aeroplane,
You may mount a buffalo on the run,
And then get killed by an empty gun.

You may rob the rattler of his skin,
And pull the beard on a lion's chin,
You may wade through blood, and swallow fire,
And brave an Irish woman's ire;

You may crook the crooks at the 'Frisco fair,
And sell your gizzard to a millionaire
And live it through and think it's fun,
But you can't get by the empty gun.

RURAL PROGRESS; OR, WE'RE LIVIN' 'MOST IN TOWN

So you're sorry for us fellows
With the hayseed in our hair,
As you see the world's procession
Leave us hangin' in the air!

And you think I'd trade this homestead
For a little "fifty feet"
Down among the dingy buildin's
At the foot of Market Street?

Now I want to tell you, stranger,
While my dinner settles down,
That us farmers in the country
Are a-livin' 'most in town.

Why the horses used to caper
When they saw a little bike,
Like they thought "Old Nick" himself
Was a-ridin' up the pike.

Now, when they meet an auto,
As it's puttin' on the style
On our gilt-edged granite highway,
They seem to kind o' smile,

Like they think it must be winded,
As its breathin' is so loud,
And they wonder if it's rattled
From the racket o' the crowd.

And we get your city daily
By the handy R. F. D.,
While the Mexicans are chasin'
One another up a tree.

And John is in the college—
How it stirs a father's pride!
For he's captain of the football,
And takes learnin' on the side.

And Mary's takin' music—
(Now she calls herself Marie),
And has all the variations
As far as I can see.

And we have the very preacher
That last year preached for you,
For he's restin' in the country,
Just as others ought to do.

We are phonin' to the neighbors,
And a motor line's projected,
And they'll fire a "wireless" at us
If we are not soon protected.

And we're raisin' coreless apples
To take with us to the fair,
And we'll harness up our trotters
And will beat the motor there.

But when we're tired of tumult
And a-campin' on "The Trail,"
We will strike for clover blossoms
And the pipin' of the quail.

And while eatin' Jersey butter
  And a-layin' in the shade
We will pity that poor fellow
  That was anxious for a trade.

I want to tell you, stranger,
  While my dinner settles down,
That us farmers up the valley
  Are a-livin' 'most in town.

"US FARMERS IN THE COUNTRY
ARE A-LIVIN' 'MOST IN TOWN"

MEMORY'S DREAM

I dreamed a dream—but who can tell
If breathed from heaven or born in hell!

There glided from the wings of night
An angel fair—a shrouded sprite.

These mismatched ghosts of joy and pain
Danced hand in hand across my brain—

Together sang a sad sweet song
Of bliss divine and speechless wrong.

They both upon my heart-strings played,
O'er tender scars and wounds new made.

Their mystic music filled the air
Like lover's laugh and martyr's prayer—

Both blent in one, for evermore
They sobbed against the silent shore.

When I awoke my cheeks were wet—
The old-time pain was ling'ring yet,

But, as the tread on flow'ret fair
Distills the fragrance hidden there,

Those grief-born shadows of the past
Were with a halo overcast.

And thus I clung to weal and woe—
They both were mine and must not go!

MEDITATION

My life is such a dream as this;
A blighted hope—a honeyed kiss;

A somber cloud— a radiant ray;
A spectral night—a gilded day.

As wayward children break the heart
But still within it hold their part;

As pearls are born with price of pain,
But precious grow as they remain,

So wounds that tortured once the soul
Now help complete the perfect whole.

Anon we view the fitful years
And find the rainbow in the tears.

The sting of sorrow now is gone,
The night of gloom has burst in dawn.

The blighted hopes have taken wings
To lift my soul to higher things.

❦ ❦ ❦

TRANSITION

With girlish dress
And fond caress
She sat upon her father's knee,
And whispered oft
In accent soft,
"You're the only man in the world for me."

Two twelvemonths passed—
He hastened fast
To meet his little girl once more,
But breathed a sigh
And wiped his eye
To find a woman at the door.

But on his knee
As tenderly
As e'er of old she made her plea,
And whispered sweet,
"Just you—and—Pete
Are the only men in the world for me."

❦ ❦ ❦

LOVE'S INTERPRETATION

A maiden sat beside the sea
And turned the pages wearily
Of a booklet in her hand,
Then threw it on the sand
And sighed, "'Tis dry as dry can be!"

Again she sat upon the sand—
The selfsame book was in her hand,
But she feasted on the line
As if it were divine,
And cried, "'Tis charming! simply grand!"

What can the wondrous secret be—
This metamorphic mystery?
For 'twas on her finger ends,
And she wrote it to her friends
And even sang it to the sea.

SOLUTION

The lense of love had caught her eye
Transforming all the pages dry
  To rainbow glory, for you see,
  The slighted author proved to be
Her lover—that was why and why.

MEDITATION

The Book of books is in my hand,
Its fame has flown to every land,
  And above the vengeful roar
  Of the storm along life's shore
Rings an anthem rich and grand.

Would you find a treasure when you look,
A hidden flower in every nook,
  Till it blooms from lid to cover,
  While a halo hovers over?
Fall in love with the Author of the Book!

MY BABY SISTER HAS A BEAU

Of all the changes back at home,
  One thought keeps surging to and fro—
It seems so very, very strange
  That baby sister has a beau.

Although the world is like a dream,
  And years like shadows come and go,
It does seem hardly possible
  That little Mabe can have a beau.

"WHY YES, OF COURSE, SHE HAS A BEAU!"

It makes me think I'm getting old,
For I was grown you know
When I was teaching her to spell—
And now they say she has a beau!

I hear a lisping toddler say,
"Where you goes I wants to go"—
With bib and blocks and fuzzy head,
She didn't know the name of "beau."

But while the days have slipped away
The child's had time enough to grow—
She's seventeen, and tall and fair—
Why yes, of course, she has a beau!

But while I smile to think of it,
'Tis serious too, because I know
That heartaches often follow on,
When girls begin to have a beau.

THE SUMMERTIME OF LOVE

Sweep gently o'er the chords dear,
Until I get the key
For a little summer love song
Just meant for you and me.

The dove still sings his love note
E'en with their nestlings three,
And this night-wind woos the cedar,
Then why should I not thee?

"THE SUMMERTIME OF LOVE"

If plaintive little Philomel
  Can serenade alone,
How could I keep from singing
  'Mid treasures all my own?

The May of love was ravishing
  With bud and promise rife,
But fruit and flowers mingle
  In the summertime of life.

'Twas sweet in nuptial springtime
  To watch your soulful eyes
Send back their lovelit flashes
  Like heralds from the skies.

But as now they gently linger
  On a little upturned face,
I can read a deeper luster
  And a heavenlier grace.

And while you hold another hand,
  And a fairer brow caress,
The little lullaby you sing
  Is part for me I guess!

We're a little nest of love birds,
  For notes almost divine,
From your downy-headed thrushes,
  Are chiming in with mine.

And our home's a little corner
  Of the paradise above,
For our love is growing warmer
  In the summertime of love.

FORSAKEN

(A rejected lover sits writing by the seashore.)

My heart is far too sad to sing,
And yet the muse would take its wing
For one short flight,
As if to bear my thoughts away
From burning brain and trembling clay,
And Love's long night.

But comrades call me in their glee:
"Come listen to the happy sea,
It laughs and plays."
I hark and only hear the moan
Of dying Love, as on a stone
She sobs and prays.

"But look! Across the liquid arch
Old Day's battalions gayly march
With banners bright."
I strain my eyes and look in vain,
But only see a somber train
Sink into night.

'Tis vanquished Hope, upon her bier
And yet alive to feel and fear
And bleed and sigh.
And trailing in her fading beam,
I see ambition's fondest dream
Droop down and die.

And drifting on that sobbing tide
With broken love is all beside—
Perhaps my mind.

My sun sinks low but will not set,
The darkness deepens fast, and yet
  Love still is blind.

It must not be! It cannot be!
My soul itself is one wild sea,
  No shore in sight.
Hark! E'en the sea gulls seem to cry:
"Your love must die! Your love must die!"—
  Then cease their flight.

The diamond dewdrops are but tears
From yesterday, the ghost of years,
  O'er blisses brief.
And this is all she left for me—
Despondency! despondency!
  A galling grief.

ION

Come hark to the story of Ion,
  Of Ion, the Grecian of old—
Whether fiction or fact will not trouble
  Since a legend the story has told.

His mother was Creusa the princess.
  His father the handsome Apollo—
No wonder from fountain so noble
  A streamlet of genius should follow.

And he captured the people of Athens,
  By his song like a magical spell,
And he captured the prizes they offered
  By his tragic creations as well.

But one of his hearers romantic
Was a maiden as fair as an elf,
Who soon became subject and object,
And he was a captive himself.

But while in his youth and his laurels
His face became furrowed with care,
And seeking the shrine of his father
He inquired of the oracle there.

And pale with premonitive omens,
While a message of love he was sending,
He heard the unchangeable verdict
That a violent death was impending.

And thinking Patara and Aba
Could never a falsehood tell,
He rushed to the maiden beloved
To bid her a fond farewell.

She listened in silence and trembled
As trembles a wounded fawn,
Then lifted her face all pallid
Like Pity awaiting the dawn,

And hushing her sobs of anguish
She gazed across the wave,
And asked that race-old question,
"Can we meet beyond the grave?"

He replied: I have asked the questions
Of the birds and flowers vernal—
Of the streams that flow forever
And the hills that look eternal.

I have asked it again of the heavens
As I walked in fancy there,

And out of its azure stillness
Came no answer to my prayer.

But now your face beholding
Which is fairer than gem-lit skies,
As I read the immortal longings
In the depth of your tear-dimmed eyes,

I am conscious within of a kinship
With the gods in their home on high,
For our love has transcended the mortal
And never, no never, can die.

And the heart of my heart is crying
Of a region beyond our ken—
I must die if the Fates decree it,
But *I know* we shall meet again.

And thus with a faith triumphant,
Outflying the laggard years,
Stood Ion the fated lover
Till the maiden dried her tears.

* * * * * * * *

We hope that the witch was a liar,
That the two were made happy in time,
But the height of their love was holy,
And the leap of their faith sublime.

And methinks all ancient sages
Who walked in their highest light
Will some day stand immortal
With us who walk by sight.

I challenge the heresy hunters!
Let them make of it what they may,
But the God I worship is Just,
And Justice will find a way.

THE EPIC OF THE AGE

(I used to write poetry, and prefer that mode of expression; but it won't sell, and romance will.—An Oregon Authoress.)

I. The Unpopularity of Poetry

Must modern harps be hung upon the tree
Of arts forgotten in a sordid age,
Too gross to feel the nobler passions of the soul?
Will fair Columbia's children always bow
To sensual altars and the golden calf?
Must blind commercialism force the pen
To cast her genius in the coins of trade?

II. The Theme of the Unwritten Poem

"No theme, no poet, and no audience"
Seems echoing from a thousand critic throats!
And yet methinks the muses are not dead,
And theme sublime as ever stirred the soul
Awaits the master touch of genius.
Has beauty faded or has love grown cold?
Were "Isles of Greece" more fair than Nippon Land
That smiles like child awakened from its sleep?
Or Homer's horde more brave than Saxon blood?
Ulysses than the hero of Manila Bay?
Are there not "Holy Grails" of truth to seek,
And "Troys" of wrong full worthy of thy steel?
For ample action of heroic type
Could grander stage be built across the dome
Of heaven itself than Lick reveals to us?
Has't all been told? The earth a threadbare tale?
Did e'er the wond'ring eyes of Virgil see,
E'en in his wildest dream, such fleets superb
Of floating palaces as we behold?

What more adventurous land than that which sleeps
White-robed beneath Boreas' shimmering light
Where unknown Yukons roll o'er beds of gold?
Is this not food for poets or for gods?
Is one purblind, and ignorant of what
Comprises art, who calls it rich romance?
Is there no rhythm in the iron horse
That gallops o'er the continents, and trails
His meteoric splendor through the night,
While wireless wizards bear on ether wings
The pulsing passions of a list'ning world?

III. The Coming Poet

Is there no Homer for the age of gold?
No Pilgrim pen to trace the tragedy
Of social "Paradises Lost" and gained,
And marshal nations in a grand review?
Not mine the golden pen immersed in light
To trace fair Truth upon the umbral sky—
Not mine the Atlas shoulders that shall bear
The pregnant century's living load—
Not e'en the melic voices that adorn
The rich neglected pages of our day,
But somewhere now methinks there dreams a youth
At times convulsed with energies divine,
"That with no middle flight intends to soar"
Above the common peaks that now appear—
The faithful harp, on which the age can play
Her regnant passions and her fitful moods—
The mouthpiece of our matchless century!—

SING OUT IN THE SUNLIGHT

(A protest against what the author regards as a common overuse of the gruesome, occult, and erotic elements in literature.)

Sing out in the sunlight, ye poets of men!
Too oft ye have groped in the cloister and den.

The sunny "Lucile" you have driven between
The walls of a convent, a sad "Seraphine."

Too long ye have chosen the subject uncanny,
And shrunken a heroine into a granny.

Why that "ebony veil and mysterious face"?
Did not nature intend that freedom should grace

The fair form of woman? When a model God made,
It was not a pale spinster who wept in the shade,

But a flesh-and-blood woman in God's out-of-doors,
Who eats when she's hungry (and probably snores).

"Not poetic," you say, but I pen it with pride—
She's a buxom young matron, with babies beside.

This only was wrong with Eden's fair type—
She picked apples of pleasure before they were ripe.

The real is poetic, red blood has a charm,
Soft cheeks are abnormal unless they are warm.

Must romance e'er be darkened by Clandestine's veil?—
Each boat on life's sea have a sin-tainted sail?

'Tis sin that is prosy—dead consciences jar,
But Virtue chords sweetly, and shines like a star.

Come out of your dungeons, ye bards of "Chillon"!
Ye "nocturnal orgies," arise and be gone!

No "oracles" need we, our omens to read,
But the brain and the Book and the Spirit to lead.

Instead of a robin, ye coax to your door
Some nondescript "raven with weird nevermore."

Too oft have ye haunted the cavern of Doubt—
That modern Avernus—and never came out.

And more dallied near some Charybdian verge,
Till they only could chant a knell and a dirge.

The air is a-throb with shafts for your pen,
Then out of the shadows, ye leaders of men!

Less of selfish Chorazin in story and song,
More of Bethany beauty to cheer us along!

Why dig up the mummies and rattle their bones?
Why seek the seance and the Cabala stones?

Why dazzle with limelight the fancy of youth,
While millions are dying for sunlight and truth?

O that Byron and Shelley and Kipling and Poe
Had fed on the sunlight till hearts were aglow!

What chaplets of glory could not they have won!
What mortal could measure the good they had done!

Give us more of the health of your heart and your brain!
Give us more of the wealth of a woodland refrain!

Hail Carleton and Riley! a rollicking team,
Who have skimmed the creation to feed us the cream!

Hail Miller, McFarland, Sam Foss, and Van Dyke,
And lengthen the list as long as you like.

Their wings may not soar with the masters of old,
But their voice is not chilled by aërial cold.

Sweet voices, let none of their banners be furled
Till they waken some Homer to sing for the world.

Then out in the sunlight ye singers of men,
Let Faith and her sisters have freedom again!

Give us less of the gruesome, and more of the gold
Filtered out of the fireside, with flocks in the fold.

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THE ARABIAN HORSE

You ask, "Whence came the Arab horse,
That pride of every land,
Which Davenport has sought anew,
From the Sultan's royal band?"

Then list, a tale of old Tabah,
Which they tell the children there,
As around the mosque they linger
For the Moslem's call to prayer.

A legend wild of Islam's land
Of desert heat and death,
It comes with scent of mint and myrrh,
And warm Sirocco's breath.

Mohammed and a hundred sheiks
By Bedouin bandits pressed,
Were mounted on the noblest steeds
That maidens e'er caressed.

From early morn, till morn again
Came shimmering o'er the sand,
Not e'en a drop of dew refreshed
The swiftly flying band.

"THE ARAB BREED OF GRACE AND SPEED"

On, on the second day they sped
  Beneath the brassy sky,
Their spreading nostrils seared with dust,
  With swollen, bloodshot eye.

And reeled they now beneath their load,
  And slower grew their pace,
And low the lordly heads were hung,
  And low the necks of grace.

But see! They halt and sniff the air
  From a wady down below;
"Dismount!" the swarthy chieftain cries,
  "And let the horses go!"

And fired to frenzy by their thirst,
  And the rippling song of hope,
They dash away with snort and neigh
  Adown the rocky slope.

But ere the tethers scarce were loosed,
  There came the sickening cry—
"Come back! The foe appears again;
  Mount! Mount again and fly!"

But they flung defiance on their heels,
  Nor heeded curse nor call—
Save six alone, who sadly turned
  And climbed the glistering wall.

And each obeyed his master's voice,
  But strove to speak his pain
With stifled neigh and nodding head
  And salt-incrusted mane.

"Mark each one well and let him go!"
The admiring prophet cries;
"Such loyalty must be repaid,
E'en though Mohammed dies."

They slaked their thirst; they lived and thrived,
And bore Abdallah's name,
And from this breed of grace and speed
Our modern trotters came.

But English pride and Yankee fire
Refined the Arab gold,
And breathed the winds and lightnings
In these forms of classic mold.

So Alcazar and Cresceus—
Mambrinos, Pachens—all
Run through the famous Rysdyk line
To the Sultan's royal stall.

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OLD SQUIERS

Old Squiers weighed two hundred pounds
And thirty more to spare,
But his boy was like his mother's folks,
All peaked, pale, and fair.

And he drove an aged buckskin mare,
Hipshot and lame beside,
But the road would never get too steep
For Squiers himself to ride.

And every time he passed our house
They had a hill to climb,
And Squiers would make the boy get out
And walk up every time.

"For 'tis a dirty shame," he said,
As he stopped to let her blow,
"For us big fellows both to ride,
And pull the critter so."

The Squiers tribe are not all dead—
They want the weak to climb,
While their big hulks of thrice the weight
Must ride up every time.

❦ ❦ ❦

SUBURBAN LIFE

Across his field the farmer trudged
In the hard old-fashioned way—
Through Winter's mire
And Summer's fire
For thirteen hours a day.

And his wife bore a heavier burden,
And shortened life's little span
As mother, and nurse,
And cook, and worse,
As a sort of a hired man.

And the cry went up from the country:
"O City, give us your light,
And your captive fire
That speeds the wire
With the news at morn and night.

"WHERE THE CITY AND COUNTRY MEET"

"And give us the spirit of Progress,
For we covet the highest goal.
With harnessed powers,
Give respite hours
To garnish the mind and soul."

But the city itself was a Prison
With its rush and din and strife—
With the stifling air
And the sordid glare
Of an artificial life.

And the City cried: "O Country,
Give us of your magic wealth—
The bells at dawn
On the clover lawn
And the riches of home and health—

"And the russet robes of Autumn,
Afar from the stress and strain,
  Where flocks of sheep
  Like billows creep
Across the rolling plain."

And the Angel of Life made answer:
"Make the lot of both complete!"
  And he poured the cream
  Of each extreme
Where the city and country meet.

So the City and Country were wedded
And none can put them apart,
  For the blush of health
  And the glow of wealth
Is the blending of mead and mart.

Now, life is a bridge of glory
On which the angels stand,
  And heav'n bends down
  With a jeweled crown
For the child of the City and Land.

"LIFE IS A BRIDGE OF GLORY"

A MAN OF FORTY

I stood in childhood's narrow vale
And viewed the steep and sinuous trail
That like a serpent seemed to climb
O'er hazy heights and peaks sublime
Until the pinnacle it passed—
The Mount of Middle Life at last—
  The age of forty.

And with a halo o'er his head,
A victor o'er the summit sped
All glorious in life's noonday sun,
Adorned with stars and medals won,
While rainbow-tinted on a cloud
This legend seemed to shout aloud:
  "A man of forty!"

So far it seemed to boyhood's eye,
That gilded summit in the sky!
Could I e'er live so long, and wait
That outpost of the Golden Gate?
I sighed and ran and longed to be
As grand as father seemed to me—
  A man of forty.

But I awake this morn to find
I've passed that milepost of the mind,
And stand amazed that I am still
Much as I was below the hill—
The long-tailed coat and bearded chin
Do only hide the boy within
  The man of forty.

Some childish things we put away,
But more cling to us when we're gray.
How much of wisdom yet ungained!
Like ant-hills are the heights attained!
Life's mountain peaks are still uncrowned—
The rainbow tints are still beyond
This man of forty.

Though owlish Oslers view their slain,
Ambition lives and tugs his chain;
Hope gathers up the broken stran'
To weave the fabric of a man—
Though seamed and soiled the garment be,
God yet can work a mystery
On one of forty.

A NEW SONG OF THE MILL

In youth we sang "The Song of the Mill"
As the pygmy power of a playful rill
Was turning the rustic buhrs around.
And slow as an hour-glass ran the wheat
While a boy and horse—a team complete—
Awaited their sack when the grist was ground.

But to-day we sing of a rolling maze
Of flying belts and bolts and stays—
Of modern man's inventive power,
While from a score of puffing throats
We load the massive trains and boats
With gilded sacks of "Gold Dust Flour."

"AND HEAVING BOOMS ACROSS THE BAY"

Again we sang "The Song of the Mill"
As another wheel beneath the hill
Was wearily weaving its wreaths of spray,
And a primitive saw plied up and down
Through a log by plodding oxen drawn,
Till they hauled the day's output away.

But our song to-day is of grander stamp—
Of a hundred loggers in a camp,
And three hundred thousand feet per day,
Of whirling saws and flying bands,
And schooners laden for distant lands,
And heaving booms across the bay.

❦ ❦ ❦

A POET'S APPEAL FOR THE NATURAL

I

You may hover round the drowsy hearth,
And breed inertia if you will,
With all the swarm of kindred ills—
And pills—Give me the open air!
Give me Nature, even though it means
To face alone her fiercest moods.
I'd drink the ozone of the storm,
And step in Old Boreas' tracks
As he walks with giant swing and stride,
Calk-shod, across the continent.

II—The Trees

And I love the shaggy bark on trees.
What if 'tis coarse, and tawny-hued,
And torn by Winter's tomahawk!

"GIVE ME THE OPEN AIR"

A planing knife would make it seem
A stilted, artificial thing.

And let the fir grow skyward.
'Tis compasslike, and meant to point
Its needle to the zenith pole,
And not to squat squaw-like, with all
The primal instincts chained or killed.
To change a towering monarch to
A shingle-headed dwarf is monstrous.

Nor daub with paint the graining of
Its wood. Would Guido vie with God
In sketching witch-like tracery
Upon the bird's-eye maple or
The Douglas fir?

And yet methinks I hear one say:
"Old Nature's face is plain—his beard
Is not the latest cut." I stoop
Not for apology, but cry:
"To sheer Time's locks, or shave his face
Disfigures what you would refine!"

III—The Mountains

And measure not our mountain peaks
By water-power and cash accounts.
Wouldst thou tear Tacoma's ermine crown
From off his beetling Roman brow,
And whittle down the brow itself
To man-made terraces?

Must old Niagara cease to sing,
And leap in frenzied glory from
His Alpine heights—to run a belt?

'Tis but Philistine cruelty—
The boring Samson's eyes, to make
A slave a-grinding at a mill!
Hear ye, O blind iconoclasts!
Leave some rare spots upon the globe
Where man can read God's primal law,
And trace his signature in stone!

IV—The Horse

For native rhythm, and poetry
Of motion, there's nothing like the horse.
Think not of proper, prosy nag
That shambles down the city street,
With all the equus fire burnt out!
Give me the Texan of the plains—
The long, lithe, red-nostriled kind,
With eyes white-framed, and bearded chin—
With wind like tireless hurricane—

The untamed Spirit of the West,
With heart half devil and half man,
That keeps you hopping when you mount,
And gallops wolf-like with the wind.
Ah, this is poetry itself—
The rhythmic thrill and throb of life,
No chuggy-chug of mere machine!
This is old Pégasus himself,
And more, for oft methinks that all
The muses of the mystic Nine
Became incarnate in the horse.

Far better this for poet heart
Than all the coin-cast plays,
With artificial stage, and mob
Of money-mad and pleasure-crazed.

Let me gallop on and on, into
The mystic table-land of Night,
Where fade from sight all marks of man.

And now I walk my horse and gaze
Into the starry pasture lands
That hang o'erhead—and hark! I hear
Above the tinkle of my spurs
The frozen echoes of the clang
Of steel, as in the icy still
The Great Bear drags his clinking chain
Across the trembling firmament.

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THE CALL OF THE COAST

Let the roar go up from the city!
Let the armies of Greed surge on!
  But give me the roar
  Of a surf-bound shore,
Where Liberty greets the dawn.

Let the roar go up from the city!
Let them jostle for place and power!
  But give me the shade,
  Where God has made
The moss in the laurel bower.

Let the roar go up from the city!
Some are wed to the luxuries there,
  But wild and free
  As a hawk I'd be,
In an emerald forest air.

Let the roar go up from the city!
From a life that is stilted in pain,
  Till the glimmer and gleam
  Of Society's dream
Shall tremble and break with the strain.

God pity the poor in the city,
Whose hearts on their hinges rust—
  Who sigh for the trees
  And the ocean breeze
But are chained in the heat and dust.

Let the roar go up from the city!
But soon there shall ascend
  A note more clear,
  And deep, and dear,
When a man in God shall blend,

And the trailing mists of the morning
Shall usher the gladsome hours,
When human art
With Nature's heart
Shall strew the earth with flowers.

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THE MINISTRY OF NATURE; OR, THE TEMPLE SERVICE OF THE SEASONS

Prelude

Ordained of God to preach the truth to men,
The universe itself a temple vast,
Sweet Nature, changing vestments now and then,
Conducts one service while the twelve months last.

For, ere God's finger touched the sacred stone
That gave the Law to Moses and the race,
His praise through æons rolled from zone to zone—
The seasons four, one grand quartet of grace.

Then come with rev'rent heart and list'ning ear,
Attend the service this fair priestess brings,
Although perchance a minor note we hear
E'en while the choir a Jubilate sings.

Spring

The spring is Nature's convocation time.
The temple, garlanded from nave to dome,
Will hold an oratorio sublime
Proclaiming that the King of kings has come.

The waking world for worship seems to yearn.
Buds burst themselves in over-ecstasies,
Till incense flows from many a flowret urn,
To blend with balsam from the balmy trees.
Hark! Myriad bells announce the hour of song,
As bird and blade and every living thing
Calls to our fallen race, a dull-eared throng:
"God lives, and life is yours—arise and sing."

The treble of the wingèd choir we hear,
With soft contraltò of the swaying tree,
While tenor tones of rippling waters near
Blend with the hollow basso of the sea.

Summer

Green-sandaled Spring no longer walks the lea—
The em'rald belt he bound about his bride
Now turns to gold beneath the alchemy
Of her whose wand shall still the worship guide.

The summer is her hour of argument.
The sermon grows more powerful and intense,
Convincing all beneath God's cloud-girt tent,
If they but listen ere their summons hence,

That God in wisdom made the world complete;
That all may dwell in Him when earth is done.
And lo, like quiv'ring plains of noontide heat,
Their fiery zeal has risen with the sun.

The vast assemblage, filling earth and sky,
Breaks forth. Rare anthems rise and roll.
"Forget not all his benefits," they cry,
While echoes answer, "Bless the Lord, my soul!"

AUTUMN

The altar service of the ripening year,
When pious Nature makes her solemn call!
The rustling of her surret robe I hear,
And mellow hearts like mellowing apples fall.

Heads bow, and chant with husky breath:
"Seed time and harvest shall not cease their round"—
And echoes from the wintry sea of Death
On deep'ning stillness float with plaintive sound.

'Tis Indian Summer, and its minor strain
Of mingled sadness and of chastened mirth
Soon dies like distant sobbing of the main.
'Tis Nature's benediction on the earth.

WINTER

As man, once turned against the Holy One,
Gropes through the Arctic Winter-night of sin,
Our sphere no longer leans toward the sun
Whose kiss its daily light and life has been.

Yet pious Nature has not ceased to pray,
Though lulled to sweet forgetfulness she seems—
Death but reveals the resurrection ray
And o'er the tomb the Bow of Promise gleams.

The winter is her hour of secret prayer,
When she retreats and waits for strength anew,
By angels wrapt in robes of ermine rare,
Thus Nature worships God the whole year through.

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THE VICTORY OF FAITH

What did the sobbing night wind say
As it bore my thoughts across that bay
Where dying comrades waved their hand
And vanished into the shadow land?
Each surge and swell was a funeral knell
And only tolled "Farewell, farewell!"

And the word was wafted, wail on wail,
Like a wounded wind in a tattered sail,
Till my heart grew sick of the grief-blown bay,
And I looked beyond to the Gates of Day,
And I cried, "O God, touch thou mine ear—
At the turn o' the tide I wait to hear!"

Now, this is the message that floats to me
On the wings of Faith from the Infinite sea,
Fresh from the lips we laid in the sod,
Now limpid with life and the glory of God—
Singing and ringing it crosses the wave,
"Heaven is true, be brave, be brave."

❦ ❦ ❦

AN ECHO FROM THE SEA

As a shell upon the shore
Has an echo evermore
From the sea,
As I lift to my ear
And the music soft and clear
Comes to me;

So this tide-tossed soul of mine
Has an echo still divine
From above,
Though it carries many a scar
And the storm had borne it far
From God's love.

But the Shepherd of the sea
Took me from the vile debris
On the shore,

Made my heart with his to blend
That an echo might ascend
Evermore.

Drifting one, whoe'er you be,
Tossing on life's sinful sea,
Sorely driven,
Hark the echo in thy soul
Calling for a nobler goal—
God and heaven.

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TRIUMPHUS; OR, THE VANQUISHMENT OF FATE

I sat upon the sad sea wall
And heard the night bird's mournful call,

Where an inlet held two hills apart,
As things oft sever heart from heart,

"I SAT UPON THE SAD SEA WALL"

Till chilling currents roll between,
Where once they touched in rapture keen.

The tide was bearing from the sea
Her daily freight of mystery.

The waves leaped up the granite gray,
But backward tumbled in dismay;

Like vanquished legions of the tide
They fell, while others came and died.

And higher rose the water's edge,
And sharper grew the jutting ledge.

One waning star peered through a cloud
Like dying eye from out a shroud,

And saw a fragile, trembling form
Buffeted hard by wave and storm—

An unfledged bird, with piteous call,
Was beating on the cold sea wall.

The scowling cliff it could not scale—
It beat the tide to no avail.

So, like a quivering wretch of fate,
It could but bruise, and bleed, and wait.

Suggestion

Next day there tossed upon my mind
That naked bird in cruel wind,

And strangely mingled was its cry,
With all earth's anguish—with the sigh

Of dying saint 'neath Roman rods,
Who fought against satanic odds—

And all the helpless wails and tears
That echo down the vibrant years,

Where gurgling blood and fiendish lust
Make deepest hell but mildly just.

Thus one ill-fated albatross
Seemed linked with every crown and cross.

I must at least find where it lay,
And heap the sand above the clay,

"To teach the cruel sea," I said,
"That Pity is not also dead."

It surely ceased its struggle sore,
And helped to strew the festering shore,

Where larger lives through countless years,
Have traced their epitaph in tears.

Emancipation

But not a trace of wing or limb
Found I among the wreckage grim,

Till, hearing an exultant cry,
I found the victim did not die.

For when the gracious day was born,
The tide rushed out to meet the morn,

The wavelets clapped their hands in glee,
And chased each other back to sea.

With graceful poise and placid breast,
She rode the rushing billows' crest,

Past cliff and gorge, o'er bar and bay,
To the open sea away, away!

'Twas this for which her life was given,
The widening sea her fairest heaven!

Meditation

And as I watch the fading glow
Of dying embers, ere I go,

I see this bird, an emblem true,
Of what each victor passes through.

Oft seeming crushed by unseen power,
The victim of an evil hour;

Harassed by fiends without, within,
A bondslave to the powers of sin,

And bound to galling tyranny
Of class—that baneful upas tree.

He seems an ox, and harder driven
When best his bleeding soul has striven.

"TO THE OPEN SEA AWAY, AWAY"

Degeneration

How oft in Olivets like this,
Betrayed by some foul Judas kiss,

A man forgets his soul is free,
And fails to win his Calvary.

He loses heart, and hope, and soul,
And falls with shadow on the goal.

Dull-eyed he plods before the goad,
The fruits of sin his biggest load.

He treads the garden of his soul
And leaves no tender flowret whole.

He feeds on envy, hate, and death,
Till, reeking foul with Bacchus breath,

He bears a soul as grossly void
As ever graced an anthropoid.

Aspiration

But haste, O Muse, to bring the news
That every soul has power to choose!

No "checkmate" mars the Moral Plan!
No Fate, but in the mind of man!

For ere the will has sealed his fate,
There still remains a golden gate

"THE WAVES LEAPED UP THE GRANITE GRAY"

To Victory. In wildest wars,
"Ye shall be more than conquerors"

Rings out a slogan for the race—
A heavenly voice of hope and grace.

No night so dark, no sea so wide,
But comes at length the ebbing tide,

When aspirations may take wings
And bear the soul to better things.

Exultation

Gaze once again where billows toss
The helpless fledgling albatross—

With cliff and tide and wind at war—
Art thou as frail, or help so far?

My soul seemed once in such a plight
As, struggling through the deep'ning night,

Bold barriers rose on every side
Save where the cold resistless tide

With unseen power still bore me on
Against the cliff. My strength was gone;

And aspirations grand and high
Seemed one by one to droop and die;

Till suddenly I saw a star
Gleam through the lowering clouds afar—

A star more radiant with the years
Dispelling doubts, and quelling fears.

And as I gazed the tide was turned,
My heart with hope now wildly burned,

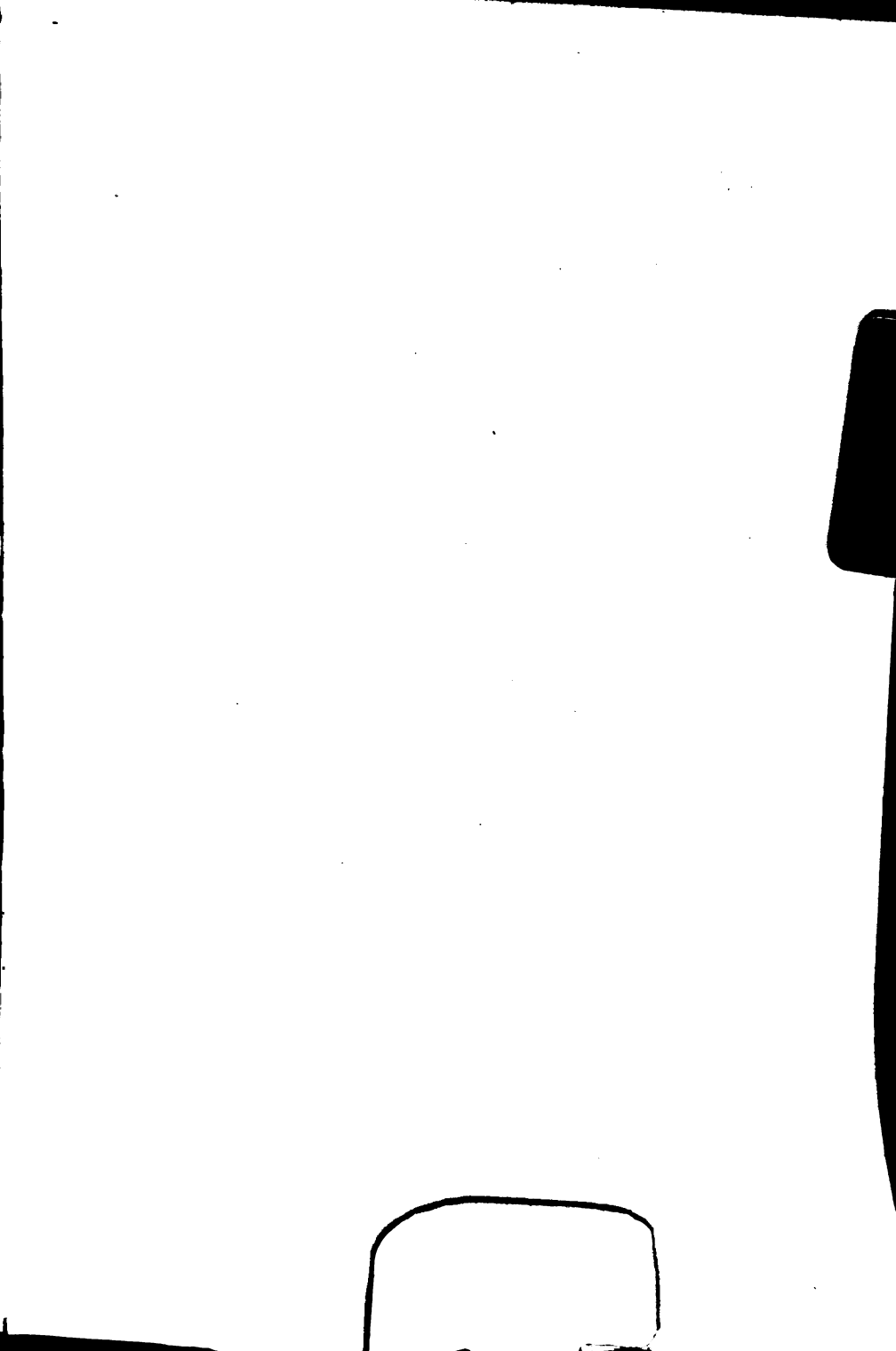
And led by its entrancing beam
I sail an ever widening stream

Where every faculty of soul
Expands in His divine control.

CONCLUSION

They are the Vanquishers of Fate
Who bravely strive and pray and wait.

For ere his final doom shall fall,
The hosts of heaven shall hear his call,

And rally earth and sky and sea,
All allies for his victory.

The heart heroic will not down
Then rise, O soul, and claim thy crown!